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SILVA Y VELAZQUEZ.

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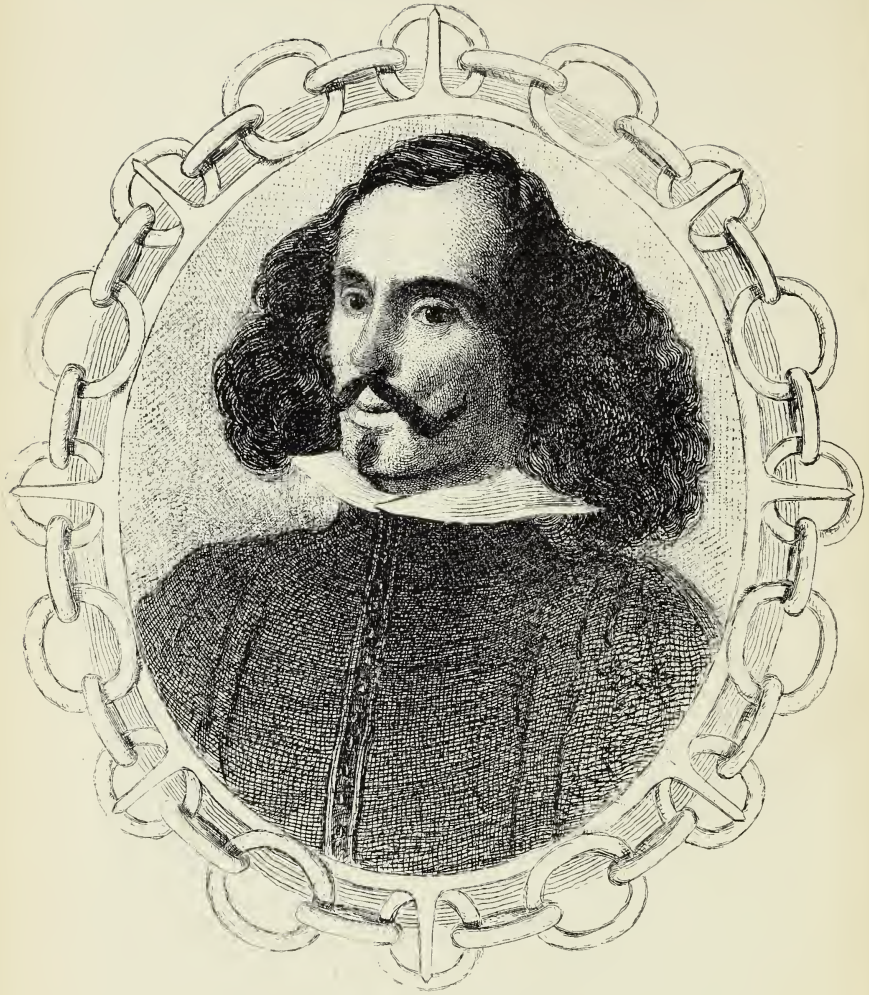

DIEGO VELAZQUEZ DE SILVA

From a Miniature.

"The whole world without Art would be one great wilderness."

VELAZQUEZ

BY

EDWIN STOWE, B.A.

FORMERLY SCHOLAR AND EXHIBITIONER OF
BRASENOSE COLLEGE, OXFORD

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PREFACE.

THE names of two authors, now beyond the reach of human praise, men of distinguished talents and wide and varied cultivation, must ever be associated with our knowledge of the history of Spanish Art. Unaided by the labours of Richard Ford and Sir W. Stirling-Maxwell the attempt at compiling even these slender pages would have proved a task scarcely practicable. That task has been also greatly lightened by recourse to the valuable information that has rewarded the careful and laborious researches of Don Pedro de Madrazo of Madrid.

A Catalogue of the painter's works, based upon M. Bürger's list (which seems for the most part to have been taken from Sir W. Stirling-Maxwell's) and augmented from the official catalogues of the public galleries of Europe, will be found at the end of the book. It is not to be regarded as exhaustive, although no masterpiece or important work of Velazquez of which the compiler has been able to ascertain the present locality has been omitted.

The object that has been kept in view in its preparation has been the facilitating the practical study of the works

of this great master. It has been thought useful for this purpose to refer the reader to the principal engravings, by the study of which a general idea can be formed of the character of his most important productions; and it is hoped that the other details given will also be found of value. They are rendered especially necessary by the peculiar circumstances of Velazquez's work as a Court Painter. When it is considered that he painted his Royal Master not less than twenty-eight or thirty times, and that about the same number of works have to be shared between the young Prince and the King's Chief Minister, it will be seen how useless the repetition of the mere barren titles of such pictures would have proved.

E. S.

April, 1881.

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VELAZQUEZ

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION—FROM SEVILLE TO MADRID.

IT is spring-time of the year 1623. North and south the world, roused from its winter lethargy, yields itself a willing victim to the sweet and subtle influences. On every side there is something of stir, and life, and motion.

Away in Spain, beside a well-known dwelling in the far-off city of Seville, there stand—scarcely discernible in the darkness of early morning, ere yet the first faint streaks of dawn begin to light the eastern horizon—a couple of mules, tended by a solitary domestic. They are already caparisoned, and the attendant is busy tightening a strap here, lengthening a rein there, to wile away the time till the owners appear. Anon footsteps are heard crossing the marble pavement of the *patio*, and from a lamp set down within yon distant doorway a faint glimmer streams. By its light can be seen the outline of three dark forms entering the vestibule together. One of them is the figure of a graceful woman, who, not without a rising tear, bids fond and tender adieux to those by whom she is accompanied. The gateway of open ironwork, that gives access to the street

itself, is unlocked and thrown back, and the two expected travellers issue forth fully equipped for the journey. It is a journey that shall not lack permanent and important results.

They mount their sober-minded and trusty-footed beasts, and—flinging back a hasty "hasta la vista, carissima," to the form that still peers out, as though loath to lose the last glimpse of them—pass onward down the street. Winding through intricacies of narrow byeways, they at length enter on a more open space whence rises high into heaven the stately Moorish tower of the Giralda. Here, albeit that its columns and long retreating aisles are still wrapt in the mysterious gloom of nocturnal shade, they would fain enter the sacred walls of the well-known cathedral itself; but the guardians are yet slumbering, and every portal still securely closed. Yet they will not pass it by without low murmured Ave and Pater Noster, commending their souls and the business they have in hand to the watchful care of God.

Again they dive into a labyrinth of streets, and pass onward in the silence. By many a gateway of open tracery of delicately-wrought metal-work, through which there floats out upon the morning air the sweet odour of the blossoming plants within, and the dulcet music of the plashing fountains; past lines of walls secluding so jealously and so carefully deep-embowered bosky garden thickets and parterres gay with masses of rose-blooms and carnations; by open squares, tree-begirt and marble-seated; through winding lanes of meaner dwellings, which, were the sun high in heaven, would be dazzling with the hot gleam and glare of their white-washed fronts; ever onward, till the line of houses on this side and on that abruptly terminates, and the city is left behind.

Out into the realms of a true Eden of the South. The air is redolent of perfume. Above, the purple sky of the southern night is fading into paler tones. To the right and to the left spread in the richest profusion garden groves of orange and of pomegranate; here hanging in very truth amid their dew-laden foliage,

"Golden lamps in a green night;"

there softening the blazing crimson of their mid-day splendour into a faint roseate promise. Beyond is seen the gleam of waters, the broad bosom of the shining Guadalquivir, and further still the indistinct outline of the rising slopes mingles afar with the yet unillumined sky.

The road runs on till an outer belt of country is reached, where gardens, and corn-lands, and olive-groves ring the changes of mutual alternation, this too fading off presently into a less cultivated district. Onward our travellers journey over their first stage of Spanish leagues. Gradually light begins to break, and the broad plains of the landscape open out to view. In front, in the distance, can be already descried the point where they mean presently to halt, and, early as it is, the road is now no longer left to them alone. From time to time they encounter little caravans of the tribes of busy Alcala, leading their mules, some singly, some in longer trains, bearing freight of daily provision for the slumbering city.

The light waxes yet more clear. Let us examine more closely the faces of our mule-riders. The elder is a man of some fifty years of age, dark of complexion, and darker still of eye, a true son of Andalucia. There is no want of animation or of refinement about the hale and honest countenance that looms upon us from beneath the shadow of the broad sombrero, yet a closer inspection may trace there something of a lack of self-assertion, something of an over-readiness to yield to fear, the mark left by a terror-instilling religionism on an existence that has been passed all too near its fatal upas-shadow. We have before us the personification of a lover of precedents and rules; of one who finds his safety in following the direction of others, and in treading well-beaten paths. And yet, intelligent, and highly industrious, he has already left his mark upon his city and neighbourhood; nor is the metropolis of his country without knowledge of his reputation.

It is Francisco Pacheco, the painter. By birth he is a native

of Seville and a scion of a family of ancient name,[1] so ancient indeed that the interesting links by which it is connected with Phœnician nomenclature form a chain which may perhaps retain its continuity under the hammer of the most exacting criticism. Nor is an ancient name all that is left to the family in the way of earthly distinction. His uncle is one of the principal dignitaries of the cathedral. And doubtless he can claim some kindred too with the Capitan Don Jacinto Pacheco, also a Sevillan, who is about to serve under the leadership of the Duke of Medina-Sidonia, and who will one day for his military services prefer a claim to royalty for the much-coveted Abito de Santiago. But whatever be his claims to nobility of race, (nor are they without a certain importance,) he is a man of no ignoble mind. One quality, a stranger to the spirits of the low and base, he possesses in a remarkable degree. He can see and greet with manly recognition excellencies in the performances of others.

The younger man who rides beside him, wrapt in a cloak, the ample folds of which are thrown back round the neck, and fall behind the shoulder, is bound to him by ties of the closest kind. He has been his pupil through five long years of patient toil, and has found a wife in the master's daughter. He is himself by this time too the happy father of daughters twain, fair children whom he has just left sleeping calmly in the house at home. In person somewhat slight of figure he is blessed with a lithe and active frame, and sits erect on his mule as one conscious of innate power, and buoyant with youthful hopes. There is a frank expression about those clear dark eyes that look out from beneath the arches of the high, open forehead. The nose, slightly aquiline, is suggestive of vigour. The mouth, though firm, is not so set but that it easily relaxes into a pleasant smile. The hair falls in full waving masses.

It is the figure of one destined hereafter to become one of the greatest of all Spanish painters, Diego de Silva y Velazquez.

[1] See Appendix. Note A.

Half Portuguese by origin, wholly Andalucian by birth, he may be said to have just so much connection with the Western kingdom as to be a representative man for the whole peninsula. His father, Juan Rodriguez de Silva, had been permanently settled at Seville before he there married Doña Gerónima Velazquez. The sixth of June, 1599, saw the parents attending the baptism of their child at the church of San Pedro.[1] His destiny began to shape itself when at the early age of thirteen he was learning something of painting from the great professor of the day, Herrera el Viejo. But the lad was not happy under a man of so severe a temperament, and fortunately for the Arts, the school of Herrera was not the only one that Seville then had to offer. At fourteen he migrated to the blander discipline of Pacheco's tutelage, and the ten years that have passed since then have but served to bind together more closely the ties between master and pupil.

Onwards they travel, and at length reach the mills and bake-houses of the town of Alcala. Here, if anywhere in Spain, the means of satisfying the wants of the inner man are to be had in plenty. It is a true Spanish Bethlehem. Bread is all round one in this town of flour-toilers, as are maccaroni and pasta in a Neapolitan suburb. Hanging up in life-buoy circles, arranged in tempting order on tables in the open, it meets one's eye at every turn. The reins of the mules are hitched up to a peg outside the door of a *posada*, and the riders disappear within to search for mine host. The light Spanish meal is soon prepared and disposed of, and they wend their way across the Plaza to the church of San Sebastian to see how time is dealing with a work hanging there which had first seen the light on Pacheco's easel. This simple courtesy performed, they mount again, and, with the morning still young, set forth upon the road towards Mairena.

The course that now lies before them is not unknown to either,

[1] Cean Bermudez appears to have seen the entry of his baptism there.

though it was but a year ago that Velazquez for the first time encountered its hazards and uncertainties. Long had he been fired with the desire to view the noble works of art hanging on the walls of the Escorial, of which his father-in-law was so often talking. Mingled with this feeling too was the hope, happily common to the youthful and ardent of all countries, of winning fame and honour at the great centre of competitive talent, the metropolis. But it was a long and somewhat costly journey to Madrid. At last, however, the opportunity had come; and his day-dreams of an art-pilgrimage had become a reality. The hopes, however, of that sudden leap to fame in which he had also indulged had not been realised: so hard is it for most of us to storm the citadel of Fortune. Nor was the failure due to lack of kindly assistance. He had found friends in Don Luis de Gongora of Madrid, and in Don Melchior del Alcazar, who had both done what they could. He had received all possible assistance from a courtier of note, Don Juan de Fonseca y Figueroa[1]; but the Fates had not been propitious, and he had returned to Seville. Now, however, there is a change in the aspect of affairs, and Don Juan has interested the all-powerful minister Olivarez in the fate of the young Sevillan. The result has been a letter of instructions calling him to Madrid. And so Velazquez and his father-in-law are now journeying northwards on their way to the capital.

As the day advances the sun's rays beat down hotly upon them. Happily the mules are fresh enough, and go on their way if not right merrily at least right steadily. They scent their mid-day provender afar. When Mairena is reached rest comes not amiss to either man or beast.

[1] The ancestral palace of the great Spanish house of the Fonsecas stood at Coca, near Segovia. It subsequently passed to the Dukes of Alba, a family still extant in Spain. It was at the house of a Duke of Alba that the ex-empress of the French in 1879 awaited the moment for attending the funeral of her mother.

THE CORONATION OF THE VIRGIN. BY VELAZQUEZ.

In the Madrid Gallery.

Carmona, "the clean white town on the eastern extremity of the ridge" up which they have been mounting the latter part of the day, is reached before nightfall. The quarters at the hostelry are comfortable enough for the men, and so it may be, if habit has become second nature, for their beasts also; otherwise to pass the night with their heads tied up short to the top of a post can hardly be the summit of quadrupedal bliss. Our travellers, ere they retire to rest, pay a visit to the church, prompted in part by the same motive that influenced them at Alcala, for here too Pacheco has found patrons, and his work of '*The Descent from the Cross*' is hanging in a place of honour. The earliest flush of the morrow's daybreak sees them passing under the noble ruins of the Alcazar, and out by the Northern Gate, prepared to descend into the plain, the magnificent panorama of which spreads out for miles before them. Nature has been lavish of her floral wealth this fair spring-tide. There blossom by the wayside the clear blue iris and the tall gladiolus, amid heathery growth of cistus, now white, now rose-coloured, while far below are seen broad oceans of purple blossom, through which meander gulf-streams of golden petal—a mere outside fragment of the truth enshrined within the distich—

Quien no ha visto á Sevilla
No ha visto á Maravilla.

He who has not at Seville been,
Has not, I trow, a wonder seen.

With our travellers, as the stages of the journey drag their slow length along, the day waxes and wanes. Before darkness has wrapped the landscape in gloom they are making their way through the gardens on the banks of the Xenil up to the entrance of the city of Ecija.

Two days later they cross the Guadalquivir, and thread the narrow streets of Cordova.

And here, in this old capital of Moorish Empire, the nurse of captains, the cradle of science, they needs must halt awhile.

Apart from the rest which wisdom suggests should be given to their beasts ere long days of further marching be encountered, they have friends who must not be neglected. With what face can Pacheco greet his old ally the poet Don Luis de Gongora at his journey's end if he brings him no tidings of his kindred? It is a dozen years now since, on returning from Madrid, he lay under their roof-tree here, but Velazquez has been a more recent visitor. They will not have forgotten his coming to them last year with greetings from Don Luis, and hearing all about the portrait of their relative which the young artist had been painting at Madrid. And besides, the two painters have never visited in one another's company the glories of the great Mosque,—the Mesquita,—the forest of countless shafts, where aisle wanders into aisle in labyrinthine mystery—those silent but not voiceless pillars torn from ancient shrines of either continent. The brief hours are all too scanty.

North of Cordova the river is crossed again, and by moderate stages Andujar and Bailen are reached. Thence by the mountain passes they wend their way into La Mancha, the home of Cervantes's chivalrous knight, where "the traveller is sickened by the wide expanse of monotonous steppes." A momentary relief from this form of *maladie du pays* is obtained at Valdepeñas, the local vintage being the best of remedies for lowness of spirits. Presently they pass into a district of windmills—luxuries of then recent introduction—and further onward still pass the birthplace of that luckless child of Christian parents who, according to the accusation of Toledan clergy, was sacrificed to celebrate a Jewish passover; the story painted on the walls of a church testifying to its own veracity for all time: on through Toledan mountain chains into plains that feed the mighty Tagus, hard upon the banks of which lies the fair pleasaunce of Aranjuez, and so by level stages—to Madrid.

DON FERDINAND OF AUSTRIA.

By Velazquez.

In the Madrid Gallery.

CHAPTER II.

THE COURT OF SPAIN—PHILIP IV.—ISABEL DE BOURBON—DON CARLOS AND DON FERDINAND — DOÑA MARIA AND PRINCE CHARLES OF ENGLAND—DUKE OF OLIVAREZ—LOPE DE VEGA—THE *PRETENDIENTE*.

AT the time at which our actors come prominently forward on the stage, the throne of Spain was occupied by Philip IV. and his Queen Isabel de Bourbon. The youthful monarch had succeeded to the heavy burden of supreme power at the early age of sixteen, and was at the date of which we are treating—the spring of the year 1623—as nearly as might be, eighteen years old, the earliest time of life at which, according to English practice, children of the monarch are considered fit to support the cares of sovereignty, or even to endure the *toga virilis*. His gigantic empire embraced not only Spain but Portugal; not only the Peninsula, but far off possessions in the Spanish Main, while Naples and the Netherlands formed valuable outlying dependencies of the central body. As the still more extensive empire, which the early part of the sixteenth century had seen gradually arise, had not proved too large for the activity and dynastic power of a single individual—so also might it have been again, had Spain at this juncture given birth to a ruler possessed of the determination to devote his energies to the one great task of maintaining a wise government over the

nations committed to his care. The partial dismemberment of the united kingdoms that followed immediately upon the death of Charles V. would in one respect have rendered the difficulties of organisation less arduous than heretofore, for to direct communication between Spain and Germany either the height of the Alps or the breadth of the kingdom of France had ever interposed a barrier of no common kind. But—despite the addition of Portugal under the sway of Philip II.—at the time of the accession of Philip IV. the process of a real disintegration had in effect begun. The destruction of her great invincible Armada in 1598 had struck a fatal blow to the maritime claims of Spain, and the twenty years during which the minister Lerma had subsequently guided the helm of state had been witnesses to the growth of feelings of dissatisfaction and ever-increasing discontent, only too surely destined, when the opportunity arose, to break out into open defection. Half that length of time had been sufficient to bring about a state of things in which the recognition of the independence of the United Provinces had become, if not an actual necessity, at least a step which a wise policy dare no longer defer. The expulsion of the Moors, that followed almost immediately in the wake of what had been practically a defeat in those northern lands, was an act of politico-religious statecraft that had also greatly lessened the contingencies of success for Spanish arms and Spanish wealth in any protracted struggle. Such had been the course of events up to the time of the fall of Lerma, a premier who had been even quite early in his career so far bent on schemes of personal aggrandisement, and so far successful in those schemes, as to have raised for himself a vast palace from the spoil of his ill-gotten gains. That minister's disgrace had not occurred early enough in the lifetime of the late king to admit of any great change in the condition of affairs, before the mightier monarch Death called the too indolent Sovereign himself to give an account of his stewardship.

Such then was the aspect of the political horizon when Philip IV. first mounted the steps of his ancestral throne. Tall, and for his years somewhat slender in figure, he carried with equal grace and dignity a head marked by the joint traces of his Spanish and Austrian origin; the face long, pale, and thin, in repose grave [1] even to a fault, the eyes the reverse of vivacious, set beneath the high arches of an elevated and open forehead. It was a head in which there was no deficiency of brain. The all-important question was in what direction those intellectual powers were to develope themselves—to what main purpose of life they should be bent. For a thirst for military glory to have been the leading feature in the character of the son of Philip III. would indeed have been an anomaly; but to the achievement of noble deeds he might have been encouraged. At eighteen or twenty, even in a southern clime, the character is not of necessity so fixed as to resist every generous impulse that may urge it into fresh paths. In this case the natural tendency, which a happier guidance would have been striving to correct, was, however, already clearly evident in too unrestrained a taste for ease and pleasure. Yet it were a mistake to suppose that the youthful king was an inactive sluggard. Energies he possessed and these he exercised; powers he possessed and these he exerted. The philanthropist and the historian may well be permitted to mourn his lost opportunities of establishing a prince's firm grasp over such broad realms, and of exerting a directly beneficial influence upon the nations beneath his sway: yet Art cannot but hail him as a benefactor. His natural bias led him to find much of his enjoyment in the manly exercises of the chase. A no less spontaneous feeling prompted him to the

[1] Stirling-Maxwell, on this point, refers to the dicta of contemporary writers, who speak of his "talents for dead silence and marble immobility" as talents "so highly improved that he could sit out a comedy without stirring hand or foot, and conduct an audience without movement of a muscle, except those in his lips and tongue."

cultivation of literature, and to the encouragement of the sister arts. It was his to fill his court with a gay and brilliant assemblage of the bluest blood in Spain. It was no less his to temper the magnificence of his pageants, and the aristocratic splendour of his state banquets, by the introduction of elements of more enduring worth. Himself something of an artist—it may be but a half-brother of the guild—he was nobly endowed with the faculty of recognising artistic excellence in others. If it be as worthy an object of our human desires as it is a common one to wish to leave something behind us that, when we quit this stage, shall preserve to posterity the memory of our form and features, Philip has been richly rewarded for his magnanimity in this respect. Of all monarchs few have been so frequently, none so faithfully, pourtrayed on a lasting canvas. In youth, in maturity, in declining years; on foot, and on horseback; dressed for the chase, or already absorbed in its pleasures; alone, or in the same scene with his daughter and his queen; in the richest of armour, or more plainly clad and lowly kneeling at his prayers—few are the actions of his life in which we cannot, even at this distance of time, see him actually before us. This is not the place to enter into the *vexata quæstio* of the special title to our reverence possessed by this or that of the numerous pictures, most of which are indisputably genuine, that lay claim to such honours. Let it suffice to remind ourselves that some of this wealth of portraiture has found a resting-place on English soil, and that we have but to step aside a moment from a crowded London thoroughfare, or to stroll to the pleasant shade of the lanes of suburban Dulwich, to learn more in a few moments of this former king of Spain than can be taught by a flood of mere description. The quiet halls of the National Gallery present us with the lineaments of a face which once seen will not easily be forgotten; nor shall we doubt for a moment whose is the living image before which we stand, when gazing on the figure clothed in raiment of scarlet and of silver that has been preserved for us

DOÑA ISABEL DE BOURBON.
By Velazquez.

by the noble and well-directed munificence of a Burgeois and a Desenfans.

As a patron of literature, too, he stands upon a pinnacle. Around him gathered whatever of talent in verse or prose, or of elegance and skill in dramatic composition, could break down the slender barrier that guarded the first entrance to his court. A strong supporter of the drama, he bid a theatre rise within the precincts of a royal *Sitio*, nor were any pains esteemed too great, nor sums too large, to set forth each moving tale with honour due.

The comparatively subordinate part which woman plays, at least to the outward eye, in the course of public affairs in Spain, is doubtless the cause of our having scant record left us of his Queen, Isabel de Bourbon. Daughter of Henri IV. of France, and consequently sister of that Henrietta Maria who is said to have charmed and won the affections of the errant Prince Charles at a single glance, she was remarkable for a rare beauty. A face somewhat oval, in which was set a delicate nose just so far free from being aquiline as to escape the charge of severity, was enlivened by glancing eyes of lustrous gaze. The tournure of her neck was the perfection of elegance and grace; the head, so neatly shaped, was covered with a profusion of the loveliest of curling locks. In lofty birth and courtly manners a fitting consort for her august spouse, her figure may be seen in the canvases of the court-painter, now seated on a well-trained palfrey, now kneeling at her prayers, now with her maids of honour joining in the pastimes of the hunting-grounds. Thus does she come before us in those "companion" pictures that are in one sense replicas (if with variation) of those that represent her lord.

As yet the child-prince of the Asturias, in whom so many hopes will one day be centred, is not born into the world; but the circle of royalty is incomplete without the figures of the king's brothers, Don Carlos and the Cardinal (for he is alike

Cardinal and Archbishop of Toledo) Don Fernando, both in Spanish style yclept "*Infantes*," though one is thirteen years old, and the other has already numbered seventeen summers. The younger, spite of his clerical or supposed clerical calling, will soon be found "the life and soul of the court and the leader of its revels," and as the years roll on will attain to something of military fame and honour. Destined to perish ere the prime of life be reached, he will yet outlive his elder brother Carlos.

There also moves upon the daïs of the same courtly stage the form of the king's sister, Doña Maria, to whose hand no less a personage is pretending than the son of our English Monarch James. For at this moment Charles, Prince of Wales, is at Madrid.[1]

The story that reads almost like an Oriental love-tale is familiar enough. How that a prince of the blood, heir to the throne of England, obtained leave from a too fond father to travel in mufti, accompanied by the Grand Vizier, in search of a foreign princess. How—passing by one Court where dwelt a king's fair daughter, predestined by the Fates to be the partner of a life which opening brightly had so dark and tragic a close—he hastened on across the southern mountain ranges to the still more splendid Court of a still more mighty potentate. How, entering the city gates unnoticed, the twain knocked humbly, or as humbly as in them lay, at the door of the palace of the Lord-Resident from their own country, to be received by him as perhaps totally unexpected guests; and how, when the story of their arrival at length became noised abroad, the delighted inhabitants of the capital, overjoyed at the advent of a foreign suitor who had come so weary a journey in such true-lover guise, greeted him with loudest acclaim and all-jubilant cries of welcome.

[1] The Prince reached Madrid on the evening of the 16th March, 1623, and made his state entry there ten days later.

The elements that form the Saturn-ring that encircles this luminous centre of royal personages are numerous and varied indeed. In front of all, the observed of all observers, there stands out the figure of the king's great minister (*su gran privado*), the Count Duke of Olivarez.

Taking his title from a little Andalucian town that lies a few miles away from the city of Seville—a town comparatively unknown to fame save from the gleam that the lustre of this great name has shed upon it, and still but rarely visited save by an occasional amateur desirous of doing honour to the memory and works of its canon of former days, the painter Roelas—for upwards of twenty years Don Gaspar de Guzman, Conde Duque de Olivarez, y Duque de San Lucar, guided the fortunes of the Spanish commonweal both at home and abroad. To write his history during these years would be to write the history of his country, but we may at least gather from the points that bring him more immediately in contact with the painter whose life is here to be pourtrayed, that as a patron of art he was not merely a constant and indefatigable ally, but one capable of inspiring strong and affectionate gratitude.

Had he been really great in the highest sense of the term he would have laboured to instil into the mind of the Monarch, whose tender years he was called upon to guide, a lofty sense of the duties that had devolved upon him as an independent autocrat. He would have been repaid, had he desired other repayment than the consciousness of having stepped aside at the call of patriotism from the alluring paths of individual power and supremacy, by finding a willing ear ever afterward bent to his advice in the council-chamber and in the closet: and he would not have met at last the fate of a Wolsey. But unhappily for his country and unhappily for his memory, he sought rather to lull to rest any rising scruples in the breast of the youthful king, well content if he could but divert his attention from questions of State policy to matters of comparatively trifling moment, or

engage him in a round of court pleasures and gaieties. It was his base desire that pursuits unimportant and trivial should by insensible degrees so captivate and engross the attention of his royal master as at last to become the pabulum needful for his very existence. The triumph of the hour, and that hour a long-protracted one, was his. For years he ruled with a sway well nigh absolute, but vengeance came at last, and the hand that struck the blow was the hand of the man whose moral life he had intentionally neglected to improve.

This proud noble we have to picture to ourselves moving in each courtly scene, erect and stately, now holding brief parley with some eager *pretendiente* or place-hunter, who, armed with credentials from some distant scene of civil struggle or foreign warfare, is lying eagerly in wait for such outlying share of loaves and fishes as may chance to fall to the lot of the most hungry-eyed; now in graver converse with some great ambassador from a foreign Court, or interchanging more lightsome badinage (for despite that severe and stately mien he well knows how to unbend in season due) with viceroys home on furlough, with captain, admiral, or general, or with less prominent representatives of either arm of the military service.

Were we to follow him to his Cabinet we should see his secretaries and under-secretaries hurrying to him with missives and papers which a stroke of that omnipotent pen turned into commands which none might disobey, and which sent squadrons sailing north or south, moved armies from post to post, laid siege to cities, or gave weight and colour to arguments that should guide even the mind of Papal infallibility. Or again, were we permitted to pass the jealous portals of his splendid collection of books and enter that almost royal library, at once his pleasure and his pride, we might find him discussing in some moment of leisure the turn of a verse, or the balance of a rhyme, with one of the many authors over whom he was wont to throw the friendly ægis of his patronage. There might perchance be

THE DUKE DE OLIVARES.

By Velazquez.

In the Madrid Gallery.

found the royal secretary, Quevedo, bearing in his hand a proof of his 'Obras Jocosas,' yet wet from the press, eager for a few touches of that censorship the introduction of which would add so much to his patron's willingness to serve him; or some hidalgo friend, like himself a patron of belles lettres, discoursing on the hidden meaning concealed in this or that passage of the inimitable Cervantes—that author whom Spain had left a prey to poverty while alive, and whose merits, now he was gone, she was learning to recognise. Or, on such lighter employment might intrude the architect charged with the designs for the palace and gardens (that since then have borne an European reputation), destined to rise in stately pride at Buen Retiro. Briefly, we should find him a man of highly versatile talents and of varied tastes. But his master passions, pride and the lust of power, overtop all other qualities.

Foremost among the literati of the hour we encounter the thought-crowded brow of Lope de Vega, entitled in fuller style Fray Lope Felix de Vega Carpio,—that author who has already passed his sixtieth year, but whose rapid power of production is still the marvel of the literary world. His works have been of a diverse nature, as his life has been a checquered one; but it is with those of a dramatic kind that his name is, and will be, most inseparably connected. A host of causes have conspired to make the knowledge of the Castilian tongue wide-spread in Europe at this time, and to the Spanish drama, as to a fresh-welling fountain, authors of other countries repair. At this era its waters are gushing forth in a copious and well-nigh overwhelming flood. In the words,

> Pues mas de ciento en horas veinte quattro
> Pasaron de las Musas al theatro:

we have a record that Lope de Vega has himself left us of his own unrivalled rapidity of conception and fertility of production. "A hundred dramas in a hundred days," thrown off with a pen that could scarcely keep pace with the flow of

imagination. The statements of others on the subject of this extraordinary power range far beyond the ultimate limits of the credible.

His fame is of the widest. As in our own day it has been deemed an honour to be admitted to the intercourse of a Bunsen, a Niebuhr, or a Humboldt, so, from far and wide come visitors all anxiety to converse with, even if it be but for a brief space, or failing that, merely to catch a glimpse of one who has achieved such extraordinary renown. He can hardly pass through the streets without a crowd. A Papal Nuncio has followed him thus, with every mark of veneration. Even his Sovereign will stop to gaze at this marvellous production of his dominions, recognising in him no longer a subject, but a fellow-Spaniard, and a fellow-worshipper at the Muses' shrine.

Enjoying now distinction, wealth, and fame, he is in a haven of calm, after a life of vicissitude. Madrid had been his birth-place, but such instruction as had fallen to his lot had been obtained at the seat of learning at Alcalá de Henares, and for that he had been indebted to the purse of an early patron, a wealthy ecclesiastic. Thus furnished for life's journey, he had attached himself to one who bore a name of note, taking service with the Duke of Alva. That service left, he had entered the married state. A duel had compelled him to fly from Madrid and from the arms of his newly-married bride. At Valencia he had found a shelter, and when it became safe for him to revisit Madrid, no long period elapsed before the hand of death robbed him of his wife. And then with many gallant Spaniards he trod the deck of a vessel in the Great Fleet, and saw the white cliffs and nobly-manned bulwarks of old England, as day after day the sea-fight raged along her southern shores. In very truth it may be said of him—

"Philippos et celerem fugam
Sensit"—

a poet among men of war. Unlike so many who ventured on

that fatal quest, he lived to reach his native country again, and ten years later to enter on a contest unstained by bloodshed. The hour for San Isidoro's canonisation had come, and must be greeted with no common honours. Pitted against all the best poets of the day, Lope de Vega had carried off the palm of victory, hymning the praises of the saint. Thenceforth there had been none to challenge his fame and honours; and wealth and affluence had flowed in upon him, a tide that knew no ebb.

The lower orders of the Court creation stand in the background, a motley company. In a country into which changes of manners creep almost as slowly as they are permitted to vary the stereotyped customs of Eastern nations, we can gather a fair idea of the kind of life the *Pretendiente* of that time had to lead, from the description given by Doblado a century or two later. Premising that in his day there was hardly a single place of rank or emolument to which Court influence was not the one and only road, he proceeds to draw for us a vivid picture of the shifts to which the members of the great army of place-hunters were put in the pursuit of the prey which so often eluded their grasp. He tells us how the first object was to scrape together a little money and a few letters of recommendation, and then to hurry to Madrid. To make their way, armed with printed papers setting forth their literary or other qualifications, into a minister's cabinet, became the next object of desire, and one by no means always easy of achievement. When that was obtained it was but the prelude to a long period of dancing attendance, keeping up appearances meanwhile, as best might be, amid the costly-apparelled *habitués* of the Court, bearing the charges of moving from place to place, as the monarch was led by business or by pleasure from palace to palace, and paying for the not unfrequent turns of ill-luck at the gaming-tables of their lady patronesses, on means that day by day waxed slighter and slighter. And again he sketches the lot that awaited such of the class as were members of the clerical

order, whose appointments would come, if they ever came at all, through king and privy council. He tells us how the houses of the councillors became in consequence their great resort, and how no West Indian slave was ever so dependent on the rod of his master as were these parasites on the humours of the various members of these august households. There the *Pretendiente* was to be seen in the morning relieving the ennui of the lady of the house; and there again no less surely forming a part of the evening circle, or making one at a game of "*Mediatór*" without which her ladyship would be more unhappy than if she had missed her supper. In such Egyptian bondage often three or four years of life would have to be wasted, till the bright morning should dawn when his patron should be both willing and able to obtain for him the first place on the list of three candidates presented to the king at each vacancy. And so he would pass away to his distant cathedral, there to enjoy the fruits of his patience and perseverance, leaving behind some fresh aspirant all too eager to succeed to his vacant place in the round of petty servitude.

Here in Premier, Poet, and Pretendiente we have characteristic samples, but merely samples, of the life that moved beneath the walls of the sun-scorched palace of Madrid, trod its staircases, or thronged its corridors. It were an idle task to heap up empty lists of sounding names, whose owners were ornaments of military or naval service, filling high posts in the Church, or Law, or Medicine, or in other walks of life shedding lustre on Spain and her metropolis. We may not even stay to discuss the merits of a Calderon, to admire the courtly presence of a Gondomar, or to court the passing smile of a Medina-Celi or an Alba. Surrounded by these and crowds of lesser note, by dwarfs for pastime, and liveried lacqueys for his service, the central figure of all this pomp and ceremony passed the days of opening life that were now so fast hurrying him on to manhood.

CHAPTER III.

1623—1629.

AT MADRID — PORTRAIT OF FONSECA — THE FIESTA REAL—THE KING'S PORTRAIT—THE SKETCH OF PRINCE CHARLES—MADE PAINTER TO THE COURT—THE COMPETITION—MADE USHER OF THE CHAMBER—RUBENS—THE WATER-CARRIER—THE TOPERS.

INTO the heart of this Court, so brilliant and yet so intellectual, this galaxy of artists, poets, and men of letters, where king and councillors are critics, our modest painter of Seville now makes his entry as it were *per saltum*, such is the universal chorus of approbation that greets his first work in portraiture after his arrival at Madrid. It is a representation of his friend and protector, *Don Juan de Fonseca*, under whose hospitable and friendly roof he has been housed and entertained since the time of his coming to the city. This nobleman holds the post of "Usher of the Curtain" at the palace, and to the palace he sends the picture the very evening it is finished.

"Concurritur horæ
Momento."

There is a regular stampede in the place, king, lords, and commons alike hurrying to the sight. Where royalty leads there are sure to be a plenty of followers. But here it is not the mere idle applause of the courtier that ensues. A portrait, it is true, appeals to every rank of life; it has something or other that the most meagre capacity can grasp. But the royal personage who on this occasion gave the cue to the claqueurs was far

better able than most crowned heads to pass an opinion worth the having on the merits of a work of art. His natural bent was in the direction of such things. He had, as has been already hinted, laboured at the easel himself. One of his productions had travelled as far as Seville, and had called forth encomiums from an art teacher of the day there, which, making all due allowance for the natural tendency in man not to speak evil of dignities, must have been proof of some real merit in the work. The master of Alonso Cano and of Velasquez would not have stultified the lessons of his school by bestowing fulsome pains on a tasteless, ill-executed daub, however elevated the rank of its author. This is the substance of Pacheco's description of the king's handiwork.

"I have a *St. John Baptist in the Desert*, painted by the king, in which the hairy dress of the Saint is rendered with great excellence and cleverness. The count duke sent it to Seville in 1619, and a sonnet has been written on it by Don Juan de Espinosa, which I here quote—[1]

'Esta es la Imagen del Mayor Propheta,'" &c.

And now the king himself is struck with admiration at what Pacheco's pupil can do. This young Sevillan to have painted such a portrait as that! Spain has indeed then produced a true artist, nor must royalty lose sight of him.

The Cardinal Infante, Don Fernando, the son of whose chamberlain the Count of Peñaranda had been the emissary employed to convey this notable picture to the palace, at once gave the artist a commission for a portrait of himself. It was a delicate flattery to the occupant of the throne to avoid complying with this order till such time as the features of Philip himself should have been limned. By what various shifts and devices so difficult a task was performed without giving offence we can but imagine. Our youthful artist had, however, friends of great weight at Court, and friends not merely powerful but

[1] Pacheco, 'Arte de La Pintura,' p. 113.

THE WATER-CARRIER OF SEVILLE.

BY VELAZQUEZ

In the possession of the Duke of Wellington

bent on using their influence for him, and on making the career of their fellow-Andalucian a success. Doubtless he was safely steered by them through the mazy windings of a courtier's duty.

We are not left any very definite particulars of the way in which Velazquez occupied himself just at this period. His home was still as heretofore under Fonseca's friendly roof. As the same resolution which debarred him from painting a likeness of the Infante must have prevented his exercising his art in that way for any private person, he was probably engaged in making studies and renewing his acquaintance with those masterpieces of art around him at Madrid, or away at the Escorial, with which he had become familiarised to some extent the previous year. There were introductions to be made, and civilities to be interchanged with those men of mark in the literary and artistic world with whom Pacheco was on terms of intimacy. Above all, there were the ways of the metropolis to be still further studied, and peculiarities of accent, idiom, or manner to be rubbed off, while the roughnesses of the Bordelais were being exchanged for the elegance of the true Parisian. He would be eagerly taking, too, a countryman's share of the city gaieties which were so prominent a feature in the "round of pleasure" with which the illustrious candidate for the hand of Doña Maria was being daily honoured.

For as at Madrid at this time the hours glided away, and day followed on day, nought was spared that could urge the nimble-footed steeds of Time to hurry post-haste along their course. Each morning brought fresh changes and relaxations, fresh gaieties and amusements. Now a State levée claimed its own, with the comings and goings of dukes and señors, of functionaries ecclesiastical and civil, with the rustle of eastern silks and rich brocades, with the gleam of gold and the flash of the diamonds of Golconda. Anon there would succeed some grand Church Function, bringing as much pleasure as the lighter ceremonials in its display of court costumes and archiepiscopal splendours, and

in the half faith that rejoices to have made concessions where it believes concessions will at least secure reprieve. Now was organised some State hunting-party, with princely array of huntsmen and royal guards; and, for the great ladies of the Court, carriages of costly and varied magnificence. Now there are recitations of poems composed for some royal competition; now music rules, and the tender notes of the guitar are heard dying away in the vaulting of the vast saloons; or again the theatre throws back its doors and is filled by a glittering audience, all eager to witness the performance of the last new production of the Castilian muse. A brighter morning than all others, a dawn more dear to the inmost heart of Spain, is that which breaks to usher in the joys of the long-expected Fiesta Real. As the whole country scents from afar the sweet savour of her sacrificial bulls, her noblest Caballeros, armed with the solitary weapon of the Rejon, will be risking their lives in the murderous tourney. The scene is the Plaza Mayor at Madrid. There in the burning August day, in his shaded balcony, is seated the king in State, his beauteous queen beside him; and there beside him too, the object of such mingled hopes and fears in far-off England, his royal sister, the Infanta, in robes of dazzling whiteness and ribbons of garter-blue, to do all honour to him who may yet some day be her lord. His proper seat of State alongside is filled by the heir of England's crown, eager enough to view a sport so new and strange,[1] while with careful precedence are marshalled into other loggie on the Court side of the huge amphitheatre, a Buckingham, a Digby, and a Porter; an Olivarez, a Medina de las Torres, and a Valdivielso; viceroy, ambassador, and nuncio.

All eyes are turned upon this brilliant company until, and but until, the bull is once let slip. He comes at last advancing

[1] Something of the kind did exist in England, Constanza, daughter of John of Gaunt, having established a "Bull-running" at Tutbury, but it is highly improbable that the prince had ever seen it.

quietly, and yet proudly, a magnificent specimen of his race, into the heart of the arena—

"His horns stand close and near,
From out the broad and wrinkled skull like daggers they appear."

He has no consciousness of anything there of more worth than himself. The gaze of the crowd is in harmony with such a belief. They know nothing, see nothing, but their one Egyptian deity. He falls amid fell havoc of his vanquishers. His slaughter is but the prelude to the coming forth of another victim. Again there is a struggle for dear life on the part of his assailants ere yet the scale of victory turns, and the sands of the arena run purple with his life-blood. His day is done, but the thirst for the deadly excitement is unquenched.

Anon a rarer sight is seen. Not unmindful of the history of the past, of the conflict at Valladolid where his great ancestor had faced the bull in person, or of the honour paid by his father to an English noble in the slaughter of a mighty holocaust of stalwart steers with lavish outpouring of his subjects' blood—the present king will have this Fiesta graced by some new and unheard-of marvel. But this must be told in the author's own words—

"Therefore, after three bulls had been killed and the fourth a coming forth, there appeared four gentlemen in good equipage; not long after a brisk lady in most gorgeous apparel, attended with persons of quality, and some three or four grooms, walked all along the square a-foot. Astonishment seized upon the beholders that one of the female sex could assume the unheard boldness of exposing herself to the violence of the most furious beast yet seen, which had overcome, yea, almost killed, two men of great strength, courage, and dexterity. Incontinently the bull rushed towards the corner where the lady and her attendants stood. She (after all had fled) drew forth her dagger very unconcernedly, and thrust it most dexterously into the bull's neck, having catched hold of his horn: by which stroak, with-

out any more trouble, her design was brought to perfection; after which, turning about towards the king's balcony, she made her obeysance, and withdrew herself in suitable state and gravity."[1]

But even amidst such scenes there had come at intervals moments for serious work. The king, whose scant leisure from the claims of all these festive duties must have been to some extent specially curtailed by the pressing need of business conferences touching the elevation of a new candidate to the Papal chair,[2] had been able at last to honour the painter with sittings. Doubtless they were spasmodic and irregular. The first royal portrait, so long the object of the painter's desires, grew, however, into being at last, and the 30th of August saw it completed. Everybody was charmed with it. There were nothing but encomiums from the whole court. The Infantes and the Premier Duke joined loudly in the chorus, the latter, perhaps not much to the satisfaction of the artistic Madrilenas of the day, declaring roundly that "the king's portrait had never been painted before."

We think there are sufficient grounds for the opinion that this first likeness of the monarch, the firm foundation-stone on which the stately edifice of the painter's fortunes was to rise, though possibly a full-length figure, was most probably nothing more than a bust, though it is true that Sir Stirling-Maxwell and other writers have supposed this picture to have been the one publicly exhibited in the open streets to the wondering gaze of the inhabitants of Madrid. Pacheco, whose authority certainly is superior to any other, tells us, among other things, that Velazquez had an attack of illness, during which he was attended by the royal physician, and he seems to regard this attack as an event that occurred subsequently to the arrangement made by

[1] Salgado. Quoted by Ford in Q. R. 1838. It is there also mentioned that the lady was a man disguised as a female.

[2] Gregory XV. died on the 6th July, 1623.

the Count Duke in October of the year 1623, of which we shall presently speak. The story of the portrait that was publicly exhibited, and which appears to have been an equestrian one, follows later in his narrative. This view would harmonise with the reference in Cean Bermudez's work to an equestrian portrait of the king painted recently after his return from Seville, the royal progress to Seville having been made in 1624.

And now what has become of the sketch of our English prince that the painter produced at this time — of the "Bosquexo" (such is the term employed in the technical language of Spanish art for an unfinished picture) mentioned in the Arte de la Pintura? Was it cast aside as worthless there and then, as soon as the departure of the Prince rendered its completion only a remote possibility? or was it stored up in lavender till the wave of a more settled affection should waft back the heir of England's crown to the shores of Spain and to the feet of her Infanta? Was it taken home to England in its unfinished state "for what it was worth"? As to this sketch it is difficult to determine precisely the date at which Velazquez was at work upon it. That he would not complete it before he had completed the picture of the king we may fairly assume. Nor is it likely that he had the two in hand at once, for the same ceremonies that demanded the king's presence would have also claimed that of Prince Charles, and the leisure moments of the host would have been contemporaneous with those of the guest. If he did not begin it till the opening of September, the painting could not have advanced very far; for upon the 13th of that month[1] the royal traveller was away from Madrid, and admiring the quarterings of the arms of England on the shield of Philip II. of Spain, in the turreted castle of Segovia, while waiting for such time as that supper should be announced at which the hospitable Alcaide regaled him with "certaine trouts of extraordinary greatnesse." The fair flowing Eresma that

[1] The date here given is the Spanish date.

washed the castle walls had rendered noble tribute for that fast day. Eight days later he arrived at the harbour of Santander, where lay the vessel that was to bear him home to Portsmouth.

It may be that the accident of the future may yet unearth this sketchy canvas. A good deal of printing has been spent on the endeavour to prove that it was already discovered, and was on view at Reading. But the authorities have put their veto on such claims.[1]

Our Prince, however, like a true Briton, did not, sudden as his departure was, forget his proper share in the transaction, and a hundred crowns of the monies of old England filtered through a Spanish medium, shaped into foreign semblance, that is, by exchange for the products of the Casa de Moneda, fell to the artist for the service so far rendered;—"relevantes pruebas de aprecio," as Don Pedro de Madrazo terms them.

It was in October of this year that there issued one of those warrants under the king's hand that appear to have been so greatly affectioned by many of the Spaniards of that time as to have been almost regarded as the be-all and end-all of existence. By the terms of this document our painter became a salaried official, permanently attached to the Court. The payment which it secured to him (the appointment was held on interpretation to imply the additional advantages of definite and separate payments for any works he might execute, as well as medical attendance and medicine at the royal charge), a fixed stipend of twenty ducats a month, was by no means unsatisfactory, and even this does not seem to be quite the whole of the story; for though Pacheco makes no mention of any earlier emolument, we have the authority of the careful Bermudez for the existence of a grant providing a salary of the same amount in the previous April. If the document Bermudez quotes ever really existed[2]

[1] See Appendix, Note B.

[2] The language of the two documents is practically identical, and, as they both bear date the 6th of the month, it would seem just possible that there was a clerical error in some transcript of Bermudez's note.

it would be matter for inquiry whether this April document was issued in that month, or whether, in point of fact, it did not first come into being in October, being antedated to cover a payment that would thus run over the earlier six months. Had any formal appointment been made in April, it is not easy to see why a new patent should have been necessary in October.

It would appear to have been somewhere about this autumn, too, that Velazquez received instructions from his friend and patron, that most potent señor the Conde-Duque de Olivarez, to remove to Madrid *en permanence;* and we may therefore picture to ourselves the painter for the third time in his life travelling over the picturesque route between Seville and the capital. But this time he is the head of the party, and the little procession has assumed more extensive proportions. There may be seen his wife Juana and his children, and there too sundry further sumpter-mules, bearing Lares and Penates, and all the most valued treasures of the old home at Seville—a journey probably undertaken at the fall of the year, when custom bade Spanish monarchs withdraw to the suburban palace of the Escorial, nominally for purposes of religious retirement and seclusion.

The triumph we have next recorded is his successful painting of the king on his royal steed. This was a work executed entirely from nature, even to the landscape that formed the background, and consequently must have been a labour of some considerable time. The monarch evinced the liveliest satisfaction at the result, and—besides granting certain solid remuneration [1] to the fortunate artist, who also from this time forth was to have an exclusive monopoly of limning those august features—forthwith ordered a public exhibition of the work. In the open street over against the Church of San Felipe el Real the painting was accordingly exposed to view, and thither flocked from far and wide the lords and commons of the vast city. "There in the

[1] A present of three hundred ducats down, a permanent pension of a like amount, and a grant of a residence in the palace.

open air did Velazquez, like the painters of Greece, listen to the praises of a delighted public."[1] Pacheco was still in Madrid, watching over the fortunes of his pupil and his daughter; and the spirit of the sister Muse of her at whose shrine it was his lifelong duty to worship, for the moment seized him, a prey to the general enthusiasm, and he broke out into a sonnet of encouraging praise. A most pardonable outburst, and one quite in harmony with the spirit of the age. Other authors laid a similar tribute at the feet of the painter—or of the golden image. It was a monarch who knew how to be liberal that was prancing on that fiery steed.

Although there is now no known portrait existing that would correspond to the one of which we have these interesting details,[2] yet Don Pedro de Madrazo, who has devoted so much careful attention to the records of the past history of the Royal Galleries of Spain, has found traces of an entry in an early catalogue, referring to a portrait of the king in early youth on horseback (El Re Mozo á caballo). Such a picture hung originally in the Casa del Tesoro of the Royal Palace, but there has been no notice of it since the days of Carlos II. This is only one of numerous instances of missing paintings. Ignorance, accident, outbreaks of fire, wilful theft, have each and all contributed their quota to swell the list of losses.

Prolific in competitive examinations, the nineteenth century has yet no patent rights therein. Earlier times can also claim to have furnished their contingent of such struggles. It pleased King Philip to summon the members of the artistic guild into the arena. They should paint in desperate rivalry. He himself will choose the subject. It shall be the *Expulsion of the Moors*, that marked event of his father's reign. Judges are duly named in the persons

[1] Ford.

[2] There is at Gripsholm, in Sweden, a small equestrian portrait of Philip IV. which was presented to Queen Christina by the Spanish Ambassador, Pimental, and which Sir Stirling Maxwell thinks may be a replica of this celebrated work.

A MEETING OF ARTISTS. BY VELAZQUEZ.

In the Louvre.

of Juan Baptista Crecencio and Juan Baptista Maino, the latter a marquis and of the Order of St. Iago, the former a friar and of the Order of St. Dominic. Put forth all your powers, brace every muscle, strain every nerve, ye heroes of the palette and the brush, for fortune, wealth, and fame, are trembling in the balance!

Among those who enter the lists are to be found Eugenio Caxes, a Court painter of no mean capacity, and one who has held a leading position among the artists at the capital since his appointment to that coveted office some fifteen years ago. The audience-hall of the Pardo owes its decoration to his skilful brush. The credit of his name carries still further weight from the remembrance of the services of his father Patrizio at the Court of Philip II. There too is Angelo Nardi, with whom the contest would seem to be on somewhat more equal terms. He is a Florentine, and had doubtless been attracted to the Spanish capital by the favourable reports of his fellow-countrymen. It is no new thing for Italian artists to find their way so far westward: even the gentler sex have ere this been tempted to quit their home beyond the waters of the Mediterranean[1] in search of a wider field for their talents, amid the wealth and munificence of Spanish houses. A third competitor, and he most formidable of all, is Vincencio Carducho, another of those foreign artists for whom the Spanish Court has proved an attractive sphere. It is nearly forty years now since he quitted his native Florence. Not merely a dexterous handicraftsman in his own profession, he aspires to the honours of an author, and will be hereafter known to the literary world by his 'Dialogues on Art.' He works in the manner of Caravaggio, but at this time, whatever his skill, and it is great; whatever his style, and it is one well-pleasing to the eyes around him; he is destined to be worsted—so brilliant a star has arisen on the horizon of Spanish Art.

[1] Sofonisba Anguisciola of Cremona came to Spain, under the escort of the Duke of Alba, in the time of Philip II.—Carducho; 'Dialogos.'

The day of trial at last arrives. The judges meet in solemn conclave. With the efforts of the rival artists ranged before them, they examine, criticise, and decide. The verdict is triumphantly in favour of Velazquez.

Of this great work of the painter there remains to us now nothing but the description in the pages of Palomino. The event, of which it was intended to be a permanent record, future ages have with reason regarded as a blot on the escutcheon of the country. The determination to expel the most industrious population of all his southern dominions, had been arrived at by the late king under the frequent promptings of priestly intolerance. Where any possible way lay open to the extirpation of the professors of a different creed, it was not in the mind of the Spanish ecclesiastic to dream of pardon for differences in faith. The Moors were an "obstinate race," would not take kindly to the mass, and must go. Some were sold into slavery, some sent to the galleys. A number not far short of half a million were ousted from their homes and driven forth beyond the confines of the country.

But to return to Velazquez. Henceforth his position became more assured than ever. He was rewarded by the king with the post of "Usher of the Royal Chamber," a post which brought its fortunate possessor into close and frequent contact with royalty, and might, therefore, well be one eagerly coveted. Neither were the pecuniary emoluments which it entailed despicable. It was not an unsalaried office, and to Velazquez there came with it as well the right to the twelve reals a day granted as maintenance-money to many Court officials, and a sum of money down, probably a handsome amount.[1]

It will be interesting while on the subject of the emoluments which rewarded Velazquez's toil to compare the character of the

[1] These lumps of bakshish were quite the customary thing. They were issued under the title of "Ayuda de Costa"—"something towards one's expenses," and were frequently applied for.

payments made to artists in other countries during the same century. Summoned by Colbert to the Court of the Grand Monarque, the painter Van der Meulen, whose facile hand gave life and energy to his royal master's figure amid so many scenes of military prowess, besides being paid for his works, enjoyed a retaining salary of 2000 francs per annum. Protected by a similar proviso, the great Van Dyck received from the hands of Charles two hundred pounds per annum by way of pension. The extract which here follows explains the practice in the reign of Charles's heir :—

"Charles the Second by the Grace of God, &c., to our dear "cousin Prince Rupert, and the rest of our Commissioners for "executing the place of Lord Admiral of England, greeting. "Whereas we have thought fitt to allow the salary of one hundred "pounds per annum unto William Vandevelde the elder for "taking and making draughts of sea-fights, and the like salary of "one hundred pounds per annum unto William Vandevelde the "younger for putting the said draughts into colours for our "particular use, our will and pleasure is, and we do hereby "authorise and require you to issue your orders for the present "and future establishment of the said salaries to the aforesaid "William Vandevelde the elder and William Vandevelde the "younger, to be paid unto them and either of them during our "will and pleasure, and for so doing these our letters shall be "your sufficient warrant and discharge.

"Given under our Privy Seal at our pallace of Westminster "the 20th day of February in the 26th year of our reign."

Established then firmly at the Court, and brought into constant and friendly relationship with the king, no wonder that, on the arrival of a distinguished foreigner whose fame as an artist was well known, though the immediate cause of his visit was of a political and not of an artistic nature, it was Velazquez to whose lot it fell to do the honours of the galleries. Peter Paul Rubens, for this new visitor was none other than he, appeared upon the scene in

the early autumn of 1628. While at Madrid he confined his artistic acquaintance there almost entirely to this single friend. Together they visited the Escorial, and well may we imagine the mutual pleasure they found in one another's company amidst such noble specimens of art as the walls of that princely treasure-house could boast.

Rubens was not then for the first time visiting Spain. He had seen something of that country on a former occasion, but had, it is believed, left the Escorial hitherto unvisited. Five-and-twenty years ago, at the bidding of the Duke of Mantua, he had crossed the Mediterranean and encountered the roughnesses of Spanish roads beneath tempestuous skies on a journey across the country from the coast to the city of Valladolid. His mission then, too, had been of a mixed character. Primarily he travelled for the purpose of superintending the conveyance of sundry gifts from the Mantuan Court to the Spanish king and to certain of his nobles. Among these gifts was a selection of Italian paintings destined to please the eye and secure the friendship of the minister Lerma, then in the full tide of his power. Of this part of his commission the painter had acquitted himself right cleverly, restoring in an exceedingly short space of time to a condition in which they passed muster and gave every satisfaction when presented, a whole cargo of pictures, which had been almost ruined by the soaking rains. The further avowed object of his journey was, that he might execute some portraits for his patron; but it was probably also intended that he should, if wished, also work for the Spanish king—the Duke letting him out on loan—a Hiram at the disposal of a modern Solomon.

But now the years have rolled by and brought in their train greater affluence, greater worldly position, greater technical skill. The Mantuan Court has been exchanged for the independence of a private home—a costly mansion replete with every comfort—in the far north. Residence at the northern home has been varied

by months spent amid the cities of the Spanish Netherlands or at the brilliant Court of Paris. His handsome person, his courtly bearing, his talents alike for speech or silence, have raised him high in the estimation of the great ones of the earth, who had known his name in earlier times simply as that of a painter of repute. Villiers the great Duke of Buckingham has sought him out. At Paris he has given him work at painting, and has paid him with a lavish hand. Sitting for his portrait, the Duke has seized the opportunity for conversation. He and the painter have both their Spanish reminiscences. In some points they find one another singularly like-minded. "What does Rubens think of their painters?" "Incredibly careless,—utterly devoid of power,—at least those whom he came across." "An estimate true enough? But there is a man at Madrid now who can really handle a brush to some purpose, and besides, though young, he is a man of parts, and well worth knowing. Will not Rubens write to him? It will be well for him to have an acquaintance of his own profession at Madrid, on whose opinion he can rely. The man too is high in the king's favour there, and so knows all that goes on at Court. If Rubens writes he has only to say that he has heard of him from the Duke, to be sure of his letter meeting with a ready reception."[1] Then the conversation turns on other points. The present state of affairs under the sway of the Archduchess, the aspect of the future when England and France combine, these and cognate questions form an excellent means of eliciting the political views of the Fleming. The intimacy once formed, a later date finds the ties between the two drawn more closely by the offer on the Duke's part to purchase for £10,000 the painter's Antwerp collection. And so,

[1] That Rubens owed his knowledge of Velazquez to Buckingham is purely conjectural; but Pacheco, writing as it seems in 1631, distinctly traces the origin of the selection of Rubens for this diplomatic mission to his intimacy with *el Duque de Boquingan*. It is also on record that Rubens had written to Velazquez before ever they met in Spain.

when, a year or two later still, Rubens is despatched to the Spanish Court from Brussels to lay before the king and Junta letters which have come to him from Buckingham's emissaries touching a peace with England,[1] much has to be hoped from the selection of such an envoy. To Madrid comes from England also, bound on the same peaceful errand, Endymion Porter, himself likewise a partisan of Villiers's views. The painter-diplomatist arrived, the Junta at once proceeds to the discussion of the subject. Upon its deliberations breaks in the startling news that Buckingham has fallen beneath the blow of the assassin's dagger. The foe whom Olivarez has so long been bent on thwarting is now no more. The standing obstacle to the minister's consent to peace is removed; but the matter cannot be decided off-hand. Some proof is needed that the English king is also at heart desirous of a reconciliation. To get this proof is a work of time, but presently it is obtained. More weeks are spent in consultation and debate, but at length a line of policy is clearly sketched. Some emissary must now be sent to England. Who knows so much of the intricacies of the question, and of the views of Spain, and the rule of her Flemish provinces, as Rubens? On him the choice falls. Receiving from the king's hands the appointment of secretary to the Privy Council of the Court of Brussels, he hastens thither for final conference with the Archduchess before passing on to the English Court.

But all this Spanish business has swallowed up a space of some nine months, for it is April of 1629 before he leaves. How has the Fleming employed such leisure as those months have spared him?

Neither the business nor the labours of the artist's life have been allowed to suffer from the union of the two characters of diplomatist and painter. Eight pictures he has brought with

[1] For the details of these circumstances reference may advantageously be made to Mr. Kett's 'Rubens,' London, 1880—a work to which we are indebted for much of what is here stated about Rubens.

him are sold to the king for upwards of 6000 ducats, and hung amid fitting company in the new hall. Then begins the work with the brush. Portraits of the king and royal family start into being to go to Flanders. For home consumption three other portraits of the king are made, as well as a larger one pourtraying him on horseback. Nor is this enough for the rapid and indefatigable toiler. All the Titians in the royal collection, and they are numerous, are next attacked and copies made of them. The same course is followed with sundry portraits and works in other collections. Various Spaniards of note sit to him. One of his old works in the palace is rearranged in the light of his better knowledge. A portrait is painted of the *Infanta de las Descalzas*. Other works run the estimated number to a total exceeding forty pictures, executed in these brief months. Nor was there any neglect of his diplomatic functions. He was ever at the call of the Council or the Minister, not forgetting the ordinary duties of a courtier—associating himself with those about the palace, a universal favourite. As on his first visit his own wonder had been aroused at the unexpected number and excellence of the works by foreign artists with which Spain had enriched herself; so at his departure he left no less a surprise for the world at large in the astounding catalogue of the additions he had himself made to those stores.

But with his Spanish brethren of the palette he did not care to mingle. Pacheco seems to feel just a touch of resentment at this exclusive behaviour, but consoles himself with the reflection that it is his own house that is honoured by the single exception that the painter has made, in extending, as he has done, the hand of friendship to Velazquez. We have already seen that the two artists visited the Escorial together; and we may well imagine that, when not engaged in other duties, it had been a delight to Velazquez to show his Flemish friend the glories of the home palace also. Together, doubtless, they might have been seen threading the corridors that gave access to the royal library—

that calm retreat where, ranged in rich bindings of dyed skins of Cordova, stood works in French, Castilian, and Italian, that treated of the arts, of geography, and of mathematics. There on the splendid globe the Fleming might well have traced out for the amusement of his friend the course of his wanderings across the broad continent of Europe, or with his finger have indicated the route upon which he is said to have ever urged Velazquez to set forth—the pathway across the Mediterranean to the shores of Italy. The Spaniard, assured that it would be to the eyes of no prejudiced Protestant that they would be now unfolded, might respond by reaching forth the plans there treasured for carrying out in order due the last dread function of the Holy Office.

If the hour did not dispose to literary studies we might have heard them discussing the proper treatment of the myths of old, drawing their subjects from the frescoed walls around, rich in the varied tale of the 'Metamorphoses' of Ovid; or have followed them as they climbed the tower that stood close at hand, before whose windows spread the wide panorama that ranged across the river Manzanares to where, high up on the far sierra, lay the boundary line that divided the two Castilles. Thence might have been discerned clustering near the shelter of Madrid the palaces of the Pardo and of Zarçuela—the pleasant garden retreats that spoke of coolness and shade amid the thirsty plain; or in the farther distance have been descried the giant masses of the palace monastery they had so lately visited—views that perhaps recalled, to the one the memory of Italian landscape stretching far and wide around the great Duomo of Milan, to the other the yet more varied prospect from the high cathedral-tower of his own loved Seville.

Although it is generally admitted that there was no marked effect wrought on Velazquez by the style of Rubens, yet it is the opinion of a modern English critic,[1] that certainly in one of

[1] 'Quarterly Review,' Oct. 1872.

THE TOPERS. BY VELAZQUEZ.

In the Madrid Gallery.

the portraits of the king now hanging in the gallery of Madrid (No. 1071) traces of a modification of Velazquez's early manner may be found, the fruit of his contact with the Fleming. The painting is referred to as evincing a greater transparency in the flesh tints, and a warmer tone than that which had hitherto been characteristic of his work.

Passing outside the realm of portraiture, and omitting the pictures already specifically named, and the 'Bodegones,' or still-life studies, up to this date there had been but two works of general interest produced by the painter, with which we are now acquainted.

Of these the earlier one is attributed to the time when he was yet a learner in Pacheco's studio, and bears a history no less curious than interesting. Stolen from the palace at Madrid by king Joseph, at the rout at Vittoria it fell, the fair spoil of war (if indeed that noble-minded Duke could ever have regarded anything that reached him in such ways as spoil), into the hands of the great Victor in the Peninsular struggles. It was discovered amongst other loot in the carriage of the fugitive king. Offered to the reinstated Spanish monarch, it was by him formally made over to the great English captain, and now hangs, a notable trophy, on the walls of the stately and nobly-lit gallery of Apsley House. This is the work known as the *Aguador de Sevilla—The Water-carrier of Seville.* It represents an old man giving water to some boys, one of whom is drinking from a glass. The left hand of this, the principal figure, rests on a water-jar; a smaller jar stands on a bench beside him. As a painting it is noticeable as showing nothing of the silvery brilliancy which marks his later touch.

Madrid was probably the locality in which the other painting, known as *Los Borrachos*, or *The Topers*, came into being. Critics, not ignorant of the existence of a date (1624) on a sketch with variations (the sketch has only six figures) in the collection at Heytesbury, are yet uncertain to what year its

execution should properly be referred. Of its present condition a writer in the 'Quarterly Review' remarks that "the general tone has suffered from the effects of time and from repainting. The sky and some colours, especially the greens, which in all Velazquez's works have changed, have become black and opaque. This, with the darkness of the shadows and the prevalence of brown, gives a sombre character to the picture." The subject is as follows:—A young peasant seated on a wine-cask crowned with a chaplet of vine-leaves, the broad warm sunlight falling upon his half-naked, brawny limbs, is placing on the head of a kneeling figure—a novice about to be initiated into the sacred mysteries of Bacchic rites—a newly-woven garland. Close by, a well-tried brother of the guild, his mouth expanding with a broad grin of mingled amusement and content, holds out a brimming wine-bowl, ready for the aspiring candidate. Against his shoulder leans another of his companions, suggesting with well-timed merriment some Bacchic witticism. Two crowned adherents have passed, on the other side of the picture, into the shade of an overhanging vine. There, while one nurses a ponderous flagon with loving care, the other, reclining with bare limbs upon a bank in the pose of a classic river-god, holds up a sparkling wine-cup against the sky. The group is completed by three other figures on the extreme right. A candidate awaits his turn, his offering for the deity already in his hand; a second, eager for admission, discusses terms with the stubborn janitor of the temple of bliss. The whole composition teems with the very essence of revelry. The spirit of the worship of the wine-cup has never elsewhere been so happily caught or so truthfully conveyed to canvas.

CHAPTER IV.

1629—1631.

FIRST ITALIAN JOURNEY — ARRIVAL AT VENICE — FERRARA — ROME—NAPLES.

IT is the 10th of August in the year 1629, and Velazquez is in the port of Barcelona. He is treading the deck of the good ship that is to bear him across the blue waves to Italy—the paradise of artists. On board the same vessel there sails one of the great military characters of the time, the Marquess Spinola, some time Captain-General of the forces of His Most Catholic Majesty in Flanders.

To-day is the festival of San Lorenzo, and, hoisting their sails beneath a favouring breeze, with such fair omen they are soon well out upon the sparkling waters, while rapidly, one by one, the mole, the towers, the buildings on the slopes behind, at last the very land itself, is lost to view. Day by day upon the outward voyage Velazquez sees and studies the manly features of his martial companion, destined hereafter to be immortalized upon his vivid canvas. The Marquess is bound on a new service by way of Venice, and for that port the vessel's course must consequently be steered. He goes to assume command over the forces engaged in the attempt to oust the French heir to the Dukedom of Mantua from the realms bequeathed to him by Gonzaga.

How comes it that the artist is on furlough? Doubtless the voice of Rubens had been heard in the presence of the master of Velazquez's destiny setting forth the gain that he would reap from contact with the schools of Italy. Summer comes on. Spinola's mission is determined upon, and the long-desired permission is at length accorded to the painter. Funds, too, are provided by the liberality of the king—400 silver ducats, and his salary besides. This largess the Count Duke munificently increases by a gift of 200 more in gold, at the same time that he provides him with numerous recommendatory letters. There is still existing the missive written by the Venetian ambassador at Madrid touching the coming of the artist, for whom he had been called upon to furnish a passport. It concludes with remarking that, though he, the ambassador, had no reason himself to question the motives of the young painter's journey, it would be well for the Venetian authorities to keep an eye on his movements in their city!

On his arrival in Venice the name of Olivarez sufficed to secure Velazquez a reception which was at least ostensibly cordial. The Spanish ambassador—fully alive, also, if any additional motive were needed, to the artistic tastes of his royal master (tastes to which other functionaries in Italy had before this administered by costly presents of pictures), and to the special interest he felt in this particular votary of the brush—received him with marked attention, and made him welcome at his own table. While visiting the galleries of Venice the painter was constantly attended by some member of the ambassadorial suite, a precaution possibly rendered necessary by the recollection of what Spanish hatred could devise against the Republic. It was but a few years before that the fabric of their constitution had barely escaped annihilation from the treacherous and bloodthirsty machinations of Bedmar, the then ambassador from the Spanish Court. That nobleman, acting in concert with a governor of Milan and a viceroy of Naples, had planned the massacre of the Doge and Senators, and the giving up of the too liberal-minded

city to indiscriminate plunder. Though the plot had failed, the facts that came to light in the investigation that followed its discovery must have left an impression on the popular mind not easily effaced.

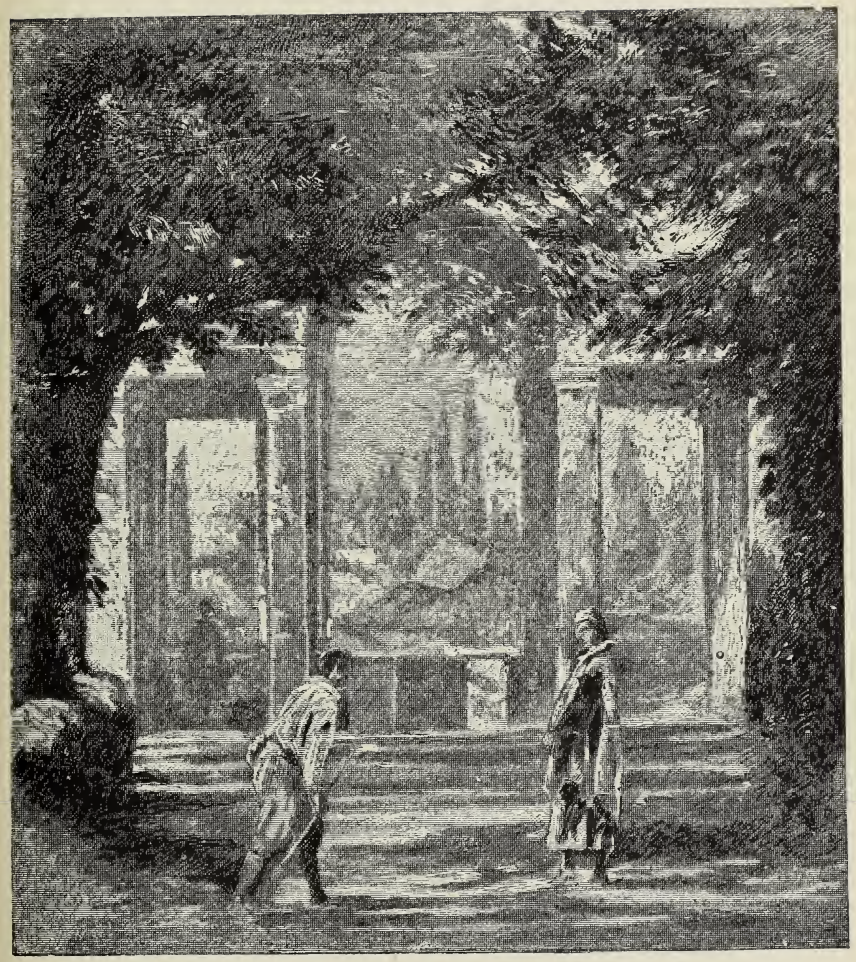
In Venice, employing himself rather in examining and studying than in attempts at rivalling what he there beheld, Velazquez spent a period of about four months. He had ever evinced the strongest admiration for the works of the Venetian school, and he was now revelling in the profusion of the handiworks of Titian, Tintoretto, and Paolo Veronese. The famous *Peter Martyr* had not then fallen a prey to the raging flames, nor had aged dimmed the lustre of the lights that played upon the cheeks of Palma's beauteous dames. Still, amidst all these pleasures, the tenor of his life could not have been so calm as heretofore. Ever and anon must have come flying rumours of conquest or defeat, as the desultory warfare raged with varying fortunes in the neighbouring territories, so that, perhaps, it was not altogether without a certain feeling of relief that, as the year closed, the artist set his face towards Rome. It was well for himself and for his country's fame that he now withdrew. Had he remained he might have added another name to the list of those swept away by the decimating plague that made such fell havoc in that fair "city of the waters" in the ensuing year.

The course he chose took him by way of Ferrara. At that place he presented himself to the governor, Cardinal Sacchetti, who had already an acquaintance with Spain and Spaniards from having held the post of Nuncio at their Court. His Excellency received him very kindly, pressing him for the time he might remain there to take up his abode at his palace, and to be his guest at table. From acceptance of the latter part of the proposal he modestly excused himself, pleading his custom of not taking meals at the ordinary hours, but professing his willingness, if his Excellency really laid any stress upon it, to deviate from his usual habits. The Cardinal therefore gave instructions

to a Spanish gentleman present to pay him every attention, and to furnish him and his servant[1] with apartments, and desired that he might be served with the same dishes as were prepared for his own table. He also made arrangements for his being shown all that was worthy of note in the city. Velazquez remained there two days, and the evening prior to his departure, on going to take leave of the Cardinal, was closeted with him in conversation on various topics for upwards of three hours. Certain gentlemen of the Cardinal's household accompanied him on the morrow as far as Cento, some sixteen miles away, whence he journeyed with his single attendant to Bologna. From Bologna he appears to have travelled by way of the coast-line that stretches from Ravenna to Ancona, as we next hear of him as satisfying the claims of Catholic piety by a pilgrimage to the famous Holy House of Loretto. Traversing the Apennines by the passes near Foligno, he reached the valley of the Tiber and the walls of the Eternal City.

At Rome he was treated with marked distinction by Cardinal Barberini, the nephew of that member of the Barberini family, who, under the name of Urban VIII., was then filling the papal chair. By his command he was lodged and entertained in the palace of the Vatican. While there he was entrusted with the keys of some of the apartments decorated with frescoes, and

[1] "Su criado." It has generally been assumed that the servant who travelled with Velazquez on this occasion was one Juan de Pareja, a mulatto slave, about whose skill in painting the following tale is told, a story that finds a place in most of the biographical notices of the painter: Having quietly observed his master's method, and practised attempts at imitating him in secret for many years, he one day introduced into the studio at Madrid a painting of his own, setting it up against the wall with the back only visible. The eye of the king, when he entered the room, was caught by it, and taking it up, and turning it round, he enquired who had done it. On hearing from Pareja, who had taken care to be at hand, its real history, he exclaimed that so good a painter must no longer remain a slave, and then and there liberated him.



VIEW OF THE VILLA MEDICI. BY VELAZQUEZ.

In the Madrid Gallery.

seems to have been attracted at first by Zucchero's work, probably from his recollections of that artist's paintings in Spain. But, however stately the position, a long isolation in the solitude of the Vatican palace did not suit the sociable side of Velazquez's character. He accordingly changed his quarters, having previously obtained an order for admission, at any hour, to the Sixtine Chapel, and to the chambers that contained the immortal works of Raphael; and there much of his time was devoted to diligent labour in the presence of the masterpieces of the last-named painter, and of Michelangelo. As the summer drew on he fancied the airy situation of the Villa de' Medici, and was enabled, such was the influence of his powerful friends, to obtain permission to occupy that ducal residence. There he was surrounded by a rich profusion of antique statues, and could roam at will in the pleasant gardens attached to the villa. Of those lighter hours he has left us reminiscences in two views of the gardens, taken during his stay there in 1630, which now hang in the Museum of Madrid. After enjoying the calm of this peaceful retreat for some two or three months he was seized by an attack of ague, malaria, or Roman fever, and moved lower down to the neighbourhood of the ambassador's residence. The Conde de Monterey, urged by the same motives that had influenced the Venetian ambassador, as well as by his own sympathies with all that bore on his own favourite pursuit,[1] took every possible step to aid Velazquez's recovery. He sent the best medical advice procurable, and when the patient became convalescent took care that nothing his palace could furnish should be lacking to the painter. It is mentioned in particular, amongst other things, that he sent him courses of Italian confectionery, calculated to tempt the appetite of an invalid. Happily, all these pains were not bestowed in vain.

[1] He was one of those amateur collectors celebrated for the good things he had to exhibit. Among his special treasures was a numerous series of coloured chalk-drawings by Michelangelo.

Velazquez remained about a year in Rome. One advantage he could obtain there denied him in his own country; it was possible to draw from the nude. Nor was the study of the beauteous lines of the female figure excluded from the schools. In Spain representations of

> "Gods and goddesses
> Without stays and boddices"

were regarded by the Argus-eyes of the Inquisition as "*pinturas deshonestas*," and we must not forget that Pacheco himself was one of their official censors. The feeling of his countrymen on the subject is so aptly put before us by Carducho, that it is hard to resist the temptation to digress for a brief moment.

In one place he says:—"There is an account existing of a painter who after death appeared to his Confessor burning in the flames of purgatory, and told him that he should never escape . . . until a 'pintura deshonesta' which he had executed was burnt. He entreated him to communicate with the person for whom he had made it, and beg him to burn it, so that he might rest in peace." Later on we come to the general maxim that, "pintar cosas deshonestas es pecado mortal." But Carducho himself is *mortal* too; and so, in another passage, after reading that "among the pictures presented to Prince Charles of England was a Titian, representing Antiope with shepherds and Satyrs, a large work once kept at the Pardo, that had been rescued from the fire which broke out in that palace in 1608, and in which so many other paintings perished," we find him slyly remarking, "*Y esta con ser tan profana, pudo escapar del fuego!*" (With all its profanity it never got scorched!)

But before these opportunities were accorded to Velazquez he was already more than thirty years old; and to this cause may fairly in great measure be referred one of the failings to be observed in his work, viewed as a whole. He was himself fully conscious of it, conscious that to grapple successfully with female loveliness was a task beyond his reach. Even in the realm of

portraiture his heads of ladies are exceedingly few. They are almost entirely confined to the narrow limits of his own family circle, or to members of the Royal family painted "by command." The former done perhaps merely for amusement, or by way of practice; the latter because they were orders with which it was impossible to avoid complying.

Before his sojourn at Rome came to an end he painted, much to the gratification of its recipient his father-in-law, a portrait of himself. Two other works, *Jacob with Joseph's Coat*, and *Apollo at the Forge of Vulcan*, complete the list of all that he is known to have sent home. Of the two latter Ford speaks as follows:—"In spite of much truth, character, and powerful drawing they are singularly marked with most ordinary forms. The children of Jacob are the kinsmen of the model peasant, and Vulcan is a mere farrier, and his assistants brawny Gallicians. It would seem that the Spaniard, to prove his independence, had lowered his lowest transcript of nature to brave the ideal and divine under the shadow of Raphael himself."

From Rome he passed on to Naples, but only for a brief sojourn. Here he must have commenced that acquaintance with his countryman Ribera which afterwards ripened into a close intimacy. And here, too, yet one other painting grew into life beneath his hand—a portrait of that Infanta, whom the English Prince had visited at her father's Court, but whom he had not espoused. La Señora Regna (for she was now a queen) was passing through Naples to the Court of Hungary to share the throne of her husband Ferdinand.

CHAPTER V.

1631—1648.

BACK AT MADRID—FURTHER FAVOURS FROM THE KING—HIS OWN PORTRAIT — MARRIAGE OF HIS DAUGHTER FRANCISCA — HIS FAMILY—MADE CHAMBERLAIN—THE KING'S PORTRAIT—MURILLO —AT ARANJUEZ.

THE commencement of the year 1631 saw the return of the painter to his native country. Arrived at Madrid he hastened to his great patron Olivarez. The Duke received him with much cordiality, and gave him instructions for presenting himself to the king. At his interview with Philip he expressed his particular gratitude to his Majesty, for his having refrained from letting any other painter pourtray his royal person during the time he had been away in Italy, as well as for his having reserved for him the honour of painting the portrait of the little Prince Balthasar. The king, on his part, evinced the liveliest satisfaction at having his favourite painter once more within reach.

It seems not improbable that the cause of Velazquez's return from Italy at such a time of year, and during a furlough which he would probably have wished extended to the furthest possible limits, was that he had received a hint from Olivarez that the king was getting impatient. It was now between one and two years since the youthful Balthasar Carlos had made his first appearance in the world, and parental affection, seeking to pre-

serve for posterity the lineaments of its progeny, does not brook too protracted a delay. We have here, it is true, but a mere conjecture, but had the motive power been any ordinary domestic claim we should probably have heard of it from Pacheco, who veils the reasons for his return under vague generalities,—"he determined upon returning to Spain in consequence of the absolute necessity for his doing so from his prolonged absence,"—a strong contrast with the clear recapitulation of facts that marks the rest of his writings on the subject of Velazquez's life. Olivarez was probably afraid that some other painter would be called in to stop the gap, and that, such a step once taken, Velazquez on his return might have had to figure on the scene as second favourite—an alteration which would by no means have suited the proud Duke.

And now the king will have him close at hand. He shall bring his work to another part of the palace. A new studio shall be allotted to him there. Thither will the king himself, armed with his private pass-key, henceforward frequently repair.

Velazquez had sent over, as has been already mentioned, from Italy a portrait of himself executed during his stay in Rome, and intended to become a sort of family heir-loom. Pacheco, as he himself tells us, was its possessor in the first instance. But who possesses it now?

> "What lands or skies
> Paint pictures in those friendly eyes?"

None can say. For a glimpse of those features, in a portrait properly so-called, it is to the galleries of Florence that we are now-a-days directed, though there are no less than four paintings in England which have had such honours suggested for them. Of one of these—that in the Bridgwater gallery—Waagen speaks highly as bearing a strong resemblance to the picture at Florence. In addition there is the miniature[1] which was

[1] See the frontispiece.

acquired by the late Sir W. Stirling-Maxwell, and which he regarded as genuine. Of works of a different class from which something may be learnt as to the appearance of our court-painter, the prominent instance is furnished by a painting executed at a more advanced period of his life, entitled *Las Meninas*. There he represents himself working at his craft, palette in hand. Another famous picture, also in the Madrid gallery, representing the *Surrender of Breda*, has been also thought by some authorities to contain a head in which the likeness may be traced. Nor does the Louvre abandon the claim to similar honours on behalf of one of the figures in the painting known as the *Réunion d'Artistes*.

The changes in Velazquez's style at this time, the result of his Italian experiences, have been described by an English critic briefly as consisting in the adoption of a silvery-grey tone, transparency in the shadows, a more natural gradation of tints, and in an approximation in the use of warm and transparent colour to something more of the manner of Rubens and the Venetians.

His earliest essay after arriving at Madrid appears to have been some reminiscence of the baby-prince, but we have no particulars about it. As the child grew in years he of course became the frequent subject of the painter's pencil. In some of the portraits he appears before us in hunting dress, accompanied by his dogs; in others we see him perched up on horseback, galloping across the breezy plain. It is in this latter guise that he figures in a large work at Madrid (No. 332), of which there is a smaller repetition at Dulwich, and replicas elsewhere. The Dulwich example presents the little cavalier dressed in a coat of black velvet enriched with embroidery, crossed by a crimson scarf, the ends of which stream fluttering in the wind. He wears high knee-boots, a broad white lace collar, and a black hat with a feather. There is a distance of blue snow-capped sierra. We see him nearly full-face as he comes bounding out of the scene. His expression is very bright and pleasing. His figure is

so much the best part of the painting, that one is inclined to ask whether some of the rest is not due to another hand[1]? This young prince did not live to come to the throne; he fell a victim to the small-pox in Saragossa at the early age of seventeen, and there in the Cathedral of the Seu his heart now rests.

The portrait of *Don Pedro de Altamira* now hanging in the Louvre, noticeable as one of the few dated pictures left us by the artist, was executed in the year 1633; and in June of that year Velazquez was appointed by the king to one of the minor magisterial offices about the Court, by way of a general recognition of his services. Possibly it was his being in receipt of the emoluments thence arising that enabled him to resign in 1634 the post of Usher of the Chamber, in order that he might provide his daughter with a fitting marriage portion. The authorities do not seem to have raised any objection to the transfer of the post to his son-in-law elect, the painter Juan Baptista del Mazo Martinez. It may have been looked upon as a sort of marriage present from the King, which in point of fact it was.

The daughter now espoused to Juan del Mazo was Francisca, the elder of the two little daughters who had brightened the early life of the old home at Seville. She was still of tender years, even for a bride of the sunny south, being but fifteen. Her sister Ignatia had died previously, but we do not know in what year. The veil of the painter's family life is only very partially drawn aside, and we are indebted mainly to a specimen of his own handiwork for such glimpses as we obtain. We gather from a picture hanging in the Belvedere at Vienna, that about the time of this marriage his wife Juana was still living, and surrounded by a somewhat numerous offspring; but we must let the picture speak for itself.

The scene presents us with the interior of a spacious and airy chamber, one half of which runs back so as to form a kind

[1] Indeed in the catalogue by Dr. Richter (1880) it is classed as "after Velazquez."

of inner apartment; this inner chamber is lit by a separate window, but is not separated from the main body of the room by any partition or barrier. In the immediate foreground of the room stand the figures of two charming boys, with long flowing hair — manly little fellows, full of all the artlessness of youth. The elder is dressed in a small jerkin, over which is worn a short cloak. His sleeves are slashed with white, and he wears a broad laced collar, and full ruffles turned back at the wrist. Two groups arranged immediately behind the boys form the *premier plan* of the picture. On the right of the elder boy stands his sister Francisca, near her a brother, apparently about eleven or twelve years old, and slightly behind, her husband, Juan del Mazo, and a figure of a man unknown. The other group is formed by Juana, with two smaller boys standing at her knee. The middle distance is occupied by a draped table set against the nearer wall, on which stands an elegant marble bust, probably a French or Italian representation of Isabella de Bourbon, and above which there hangs a portrait bearing the well-known lineaments of the king. Away in the recess is seen the form of the painter standing at work with his back towards us; his easel is occupied by a large canvas, the light colour of the dress of the figure he is supposed to be engaged upon giving the necessary relief to his outline. Towards him the youngest child of all is stretching its arms, as it is held in leading-strings by its nurse.

The painter's wife comes before us here in all the portliness of matronly dignity; her form is in harmony with the sentiment of the proverb

> "Dadme gordúra
> Io te daro hermosura,"

but it would be a straining of language to pronounce her beauteous according to more Northern canons.[1] A long dark plaited tress

[1] There is a portrait in the Madrid Museum which Don Pedro de Madrazo has no doubt is a representation of Juana. The head, apparently that of

JUANA PACHECO. BY VELAZQUEZ.

In the Madrid Gallery.

falling in front of the ear, and lying across the bare neck and shoulder, increases the unpleasant effect by suggesting a notion of the dishevelled, and the gigantic hoops of the petticoat do not aid the cause of beauty. Francisca's head-dress is set jauntily on one side, but in her case too there is little to be said in favour of personal loveliness. Perhaps she was fairer than her image. The painter, as we have elsewhere pointed out, did not feel himself at home among the Graces.

Of all the seven olive branches with which we here see Velazquez and Juana surrounded it is believed that none survived their parents. Of the death of the married daughter, prior to their own decease, we have documentary evidence. That the others also sank into early graves is, if a melancholy, at least a natural, deduction to draw from the fact, that there occurs no mention (so far as is at present known) of any of them as filling places of emolument about the Court; while the archives testify to the readiness of King Philip to have given such aid had there been any to make application for it. One of the children of Juan del Mazo, as soon as he was old enough, was appointed *Ugier de Camara*, his relationship to Velazquez being mentioned in the record; and Mazo himself (who was the parent by Francisca Velazquez of several other sons) was, on the death of his great father-in-law, appointed by the king's fiat to a post that that death had rendered vacant.

A still further instance of the king's munificence to the family is on record. In the course of seven years he gave the painter's father at Seville no less than three secretaryships there, of the value of a thousand ducats each. Fancy might perhaps suggest, that the unknown figure in the family picture was the still hale and vigorous Juan Rodriguez de Silva, visiting Madrid for the purpose of assisting at the marriage of the little grand-daughter whom he had not seen for so long.

a woman about twenty-four years old, is a profile, the right side being in view. A collar of pearls adorns the neck.—See illustration.

In the year previous to Francisca's marriage the artist world of Madrid had been all astir about a certain trial. A prosecution had been instituted by some of the collectors of the revenue for the purpose of extracting from artists, a class hitherto exempt, the payment of an impost under the head of a tax on goods sold. They combined for mutual defence, and amongst the pleaders in their behalf was to be heard no less a personage than the celebrated Lope de Vega. Eventually their old exemption was confirmed, Court influence apparently having had more to do with securing the verdict than any very weighty arguments, other than that based on prescription, that they had been able to produce.

Not long after his resignation of the post of Usher, Velazquez received the appointment of Keeper of the Wardrobe (*Ayuda de Guardaropa*). Later on still [1] this was either held in conjunction with, or exchanged for, the appointment of Chamberlain (*Ayuda de Camara*), which gave a right to the coveted key of office, and was an honour rarely conferred on any who had not been knighted. One of the most important works on which he was now engaged was the magnificent equestrian portrait of the king, intended to be a guide for making a bronze statue. When the painting should be done the Spanish sculptor Montanes was to carve in wood

"Instar montis equum,"

and a colossal wooden king to ride thereon; these joint labours accomplished, an Italian artist was to be responsible for the rest.

The king took a particular interest in the success of the work. On one occasion he gave the artist—"laying aside his state for all that long time," as Pacheco remarks with a pardonable outburst of family glorification—a sitting of three hours' duration. In the picture now in the Gallery at Florence, which is generally

[1] Madrazo gives the following account of the dates.—Keeper of the Wardrobe without the duties 1634, with the duties 1645; Chamberlain without the duties 1643, with the duties 1646.

believed to be the painting in question, the Monarch is represented with certain symbolical attributes—angels with lightning, a globe, and a cross in the sky above, while below in a corner lurks a serpent. To Pietro Tacca of Florence was entrusted the charge of making the statue in bronze. At Florence, accordingly, it was cast in 1640, and duly sent over to Spain. It was not less than seventeen feet high, and so must have taxed the powers of the stevedores of those days. For many years a remarkable object among the treasures at Buen Retiro, it has been during the present century removed to Madrid.

The orbits of the two greatest luminaries in the world of Spanish art are now about to intersect. When Velazquez quitted his native city, that Bartolomé Esteban Murillo, who was also to shed such lustre upon Seville, was but a child, sporting perhaps in the streets of the Sevillan Ghetto, like the charming *gamins* that live on his immortal canvas. Since then he has grown to man's estate, and has studied painting under Juan del Castillo. His master is now dead, and at the age of twenty-four he repairs to Madrid. Here is the account of his reception as given in a published translation from the Spanish of Cean Bermudez :—

"When Murillo arrived at Madrid he went to visit his countryman Don Diego Velazquez de Silva, first painter of the Camara to the king, with whom he was not acquainted but by his fame, and he requested of him letters of recommendation to Rome. Velazquez, pleased with his appearance and mild disposition, asked him various questions about his connections and his family, of his school and his master, and concerning the motives which had induced him to leave his country and undertake so distant a journey. To all which Murillo replied with so much candour that Velazquez, captivated with his spirit and ingenuousness, told him that henceforward he must continue under his roof, where he should be attended like a friend and like a countryman.

". . Velazquez gave immediate directions that he might see all the pictures in the king's palace, those in the Buen Retiro as well as of the Convent of the Escorial, from which Murillo returned with admiration, and, modestly communicating his wishes to his protector, he desired to copy those which were most adapted to his genius and his inclination. Velazquez at the moment gave orders, and made convenient arrangements to carry it into effect. In the mean time Don Diego accompanied the king in the excursion he made into Arragon in the year 1642 to pacify the Catalans. Murillo copied some paintings of Vandyck, of Ribera, and of Velazquez's own, who was very much pleased with the copies. He presented them to the king on his return, and they were celebrated by all the nobility and connoisseurs of the Court. Don Diego, knowing the judicious choice Murillo had made of the three masters, the one for the exquisite colouring, the other for the perfection in the claro-obscuro, added to the spirit as well as truth to be seen in the third, desired him on no account henceforward to copy any others but these only, because they would enable him to obtain a good tone of colouring, a facility of handling, and would affirm him a greater freedom in drawing, *i. e.* in drawing with paint and La Brocha, or hair-pencil, at the same time.

"In the year following Murillo took a great share in the affliction which Velazquez felt at the fall of the Conde Duque de Olivarez, . . . and from that time his residence there became irksome. The king took Velazquez with him in the year 1644 to Saragossa, and at their return they were astonished at the progress he had made in their absence. . . . Then it was that Velazquez told him he was now qualified to undertake the journey to Rome, and offered him letters, &c., from the king. Remember, by the way, the state of advancement Velazquez was anxious young men should be in to render them fit to go and study in Italy! . . . For some unknown cause . . . . Murillo declined these offers, and returned to Seville in 1645."

The fall of the mighty Premier occurred in 1643. At last one of the many attacks that had been made upon that great and puissant señor proved successful. The plan he had conceived on the death of his daughter of raising one Julianillo, his illegitimate son, to rank and office, with a view to making him his heir (in a country where it was not allowed even kings to permit their illegitimate sons to enter the capital), was probably the last drop wrung out into the overflowing cup of the personal animosity he had roused. He had to retire from the capital himself, first to Loeches and subsequently to the more distant Toro. Velazquez was one of the few who refused to desert him in his adversity, nor did Philip resent the painter's noble conduct toward his old patron.

The Catalonians, oppressed by the quartering of foreign troops within their territory, had risen in rebellion, and there had been a protracted and desultory struggle between them and the royal troops. Despairing of success unaided they threw open their country to France, then at war with Spain, and accepted, under the title of Count of Barcelona, the sovereignty of Louis XIII. We learn from Sir W. Stirling-Maxwell's "Annals" that it was in 1642 that the king made his first progress thither, and that he began it curiously enough by a journey to his royal gardens of Aranjuez, which were not on that road. It was when halting there that Velazquez, who accompanied the king, produced some of his most celebrated efforts in landscape—views of scenes in those well-watered gardens. Later in their progress the painter while at Saragossa made the acquaintance of a fellow-artist, one Jusepe Martinez, who has left us an anecdote about a portrait of a young lady which Velazquez executed in that city. It was sent home duly completed, and was much admired by the young damsel's kith and kin, but the young lady herself would have nothing to say to it. "It must be sent back immediately." "And why, pray?" "The man has not done justice to my lace collar. It's the finest guipure that's made."

Two years later the king found the aspect of affairs in Catalonia so serious that he took the field in person, and again Velazquez had to travel in his train. The monarch's presence made a change at once, and Lerida was besieged and taken. After capturing it he entered it in triumph on horseback, clad in a magnificent suit of purple and gold, and Velazquez was called upon to immortalise the event by painting him in this splendid attire.

And in fact most of the artist's time during the long period which we have here briefly sketched was employed in painting pictures of the king, or, what is much the same as regards variation of subject, pictures of the Royal family and of the grandees about the Court. The *Crucifixion*, executed for the convent of S. Placido, the *Family Picture* at Vienna, and a representation of the *Taking of Breda* (also called *Las Lanzas*), form the scanty exceptions.

This last-named work represents his old travelling companion, the Marquess of Spinola, receiving, with all the grace and dignity of a generous conqueror, the keys of the fortress from the vanquished general Justin de Nassau. A large number of men-at-arms, both Spanish and Flemish, are introduced. Near Spinola's charger stands the figure of a soldier dressed in grey with a broad lappet, and wearing a slouched hat with a white feather, that passes for a portrait of the painter. The original picture, which dates probably from 1647, is said to be a marvellous instance of Velazquez's power of aerial perspective.

THE SURRENDER OF BREDA. By Velazquez.
In the Madrid Gallery.

CHAPTER VI.

1648—1659.

SECOND ITALIAN JOURNEY — ARRIVAL AT GENOA — NAPLES — ROME — PORTRAIT OF INNOCENT X. — BACK IN SPAIN — MADE APOSENTADOR MAYOR — "LAS HILANDERAS" — "LAS MENINAS."

IT had been in contemplation for some time to found an academy of painting and sculpture in Spain, analogous to that already existing at Rome; and during the reign of the art-loving monarch, Philip IV., the idea had gradually been taking a more definite shape. With a view to making a practical beginning, for the project was still in embryo, Velazquez was despatched at the close of the year 1648 on a mission to Italy. The king's gallery was to have additions made to it, for which purpose he was to purchase paintings; and from the large choice which the Italian collections would furnish he was to select such statues as he thought most desirable, making casts where it was not possible to purchase. Previous to starting on the journey his annual pension (he was now being paid a fixed sum by the year for his labours [1]) was raised from 500 ducats, at which it had been fixed in 1640, to 700 ducats.

Passing by way of Malaga he arrived at the port of Genoa, where he did not delay long enough to take more than a rapid glance at its noble palaces and churches. Milan, Padua, and Venice came next, but these cities too were only hastily surveyed.

[1] Cean Bermudez refers to documents to that effect, which had apparently come under his own eye.

At the latter place it is said that he found it not possible to obtain more than five works—two by Titian, two by Veronese, and a sketch by his favourite Tintoretto. Bologna was now revisited, and then he passed by way of Modena, Parma, and Florence, to Rome. But for the moment the imperial city was to be only a halting-place on the road.

Hastening on southward to Naples he was soon in communication with the Count of Oñate touching the matter of his visit. That nobleman had recently superseded Don Juan, who had been stamping out the rebellion that followed the Massaniello outbreak, and was now Viceroy. Having assured himself of his co-operation, Velazquez was free to abandon himself for a time to the pleasure of renewing his old acquaintance with Ribera, still a voluntary exile. There was much Spanish news of interest for the one to hear, and many a tale of events that had happened in Italy since they had met for the other to be entertained with in return.

Velazquez presently made his way back to Rome. At this time the occupant of the Papal chair was Innocent X., who did not allow him to remain long in the city without summoning him to paint his portrait. This work now hangs in the Doria-Pamphili palace, and is, in the opinion of Ford, the only real specimen of his art in that capital. It is one of that host of pictures about each of which is told the universal story, with more or less of variation. Here, as the scene is the Papal Court, it is a chamberlain who is dragged to the front. He appears catching a glimpse of the work through an open door, and "cautioning his fellow-courtiers to converse in low tones, as His Holiness was in the next room." The work by Velazquez representing this subject at Apsley House is a *chef-d'œuvre.* The Pope is seen seated, dressed in red, the close red cap descending to the ears. He wears both beard and moustache marked by a scanty streakiness. The coarse features, the cruel straight mouth, the grey-blue eye, the projecting chin, are instinct

with the life of a most vivid reality. There is a splendid bronze bust, supposed to represent this Pope, and to have been executed either by Bernini or Algardi (for they were both at work at Rome during his lifetime), preserved at the South Kensington Museum. But the portrait in metal is suggestive of majestic dignity and high intellectual faculties, qualities which we fail to discern on the more truthful canvas. Of Innocent X. two other portraits attributed to Velazquez exist in England, one at Luton House, the other at Bowood. While the Spanish painter was in his capital the Pontiff was busy rearing the new Pamphili palace, on the frescoes of which Pietro da Cortona was employed.

To this period may perhaps be referred with some certainty sundry of the pictures which at present figure in the list of Velazquez's works without date or special indication. He must by this time have become a free and rapid painter, and could therefore well have executed a good deal without interfering with his business as a collector. Palomino names portraits of the Pope's nephew and of Olympia Maldalchini as having come into being in this way now, but the details of this second Italian journey are very meagre. After a year or two of absence, the principal part of which it is thought Velazquez spent in Rome, we hear of him as finding his way northward to Genoa for the purpose of embarking for home.

1651—1659.

Velazquez returned to Spain about the middle of 1651. He had left his collections to follow in the charge of the Ambassador at Naples whenever that functionary's term of office should be over. It may be doubted whether his own return was, as the accounts state, by way of Barcelona, for that city was then in the hands of the French; but a sufficient reason for his putting the art treasures into the hands of the Count of Oñate already existed in the practical impossibility of his undertaking the transport of such a large number of heavy statues with his own slender retinue.

Pacheco's 'Arte de la Pintura' was published at Seville in 1649, during Velazquez's absence in Italy, and consequently from that date we lose the benefit of his invaluable guidance as a chronicler, and have to trust to other authorities. His notice of his son-in-law really concludes with his appointment to the office of Chamberlain. A new and more valuable post fell vacant in 1652, through Pedro de Torres being promoted to be the king's secretary. It was that of *Aposentador Mayor*, or Quarter-master Royal. Velazquez made application for the place as one singularly suited to his genius and occupation, consulted as he had been for years about the arrangement of the decorations of his Majesty's rooms. There were on the list four or five other candidates, and none of the Lords Recommendatory gave Velazquez's name the first place. Among the names mentioned was that of Don Joseph Nieto, who was filling the corresponding post in the Queen's household. The Marquis of Malpica urged that, in any case, the choice ought to fall on some one well up in geography, while one Rodriguez was objected to for not knowing his arithmetic! Regardless of the preferences of the various members of the board of advice, the king named Velazquez, and there was no more to be said. The new officer took the oaths on the 5th of March, 1652.

The following year was marked by the return of the Viceroy from Naples. He came bringing with him the treasures that Velazquez had collected in Italy. The scheme for the new Academy had not yet sufficiently advanced for the statuary to be used for that object, so that whatever might have been the intention for the future, it was for the present utilised for the decoration of a new octagon hall (with the recent construction of which Velazquez had been to some extent concerned), and for ornamenting the palace staircases. Over the unpacking, examination, and final arrangement of these statues many pleasant days were doubtless spent.

Velazquez's time, too, must have been at first somewhat over-

occupied with the claims of his new office, examining and taking over the accounts of his predecessor, and giving needful orders for renewing, as occasion required, the furniture and hangings of the royal apartments,—for such matters as these now came within the scope of his daily duties. There were still the usual number of claimants for his attention as a portrait-painter. Foremost among them would be Philip's new queen, Mariana of Austria (his Majesty's French Consort had died in 1645), and the king himself, for the sovereign never grew tired of seeing his image reflected on Velazquez's canvas. Then there were Court jesters and dwarfs, the privileged *habitués* of the reception chamber, to be similarly dealt with; while other notabilities, lofty dukes and proud hidalgos, whose homes might be beyond the precincts of the palace, were anxiously awaiting the earliest moments of the painter's leisure.

This period too witnessed the production of a larger composition, known as *The Tapestry Weavers* (*Las Hilanderas*), which is thus described:—

In a chamber presenting the form of a chapel with an apse illuminated on the left by the rays of two windows, a woman of mature age, her head covered with a thin white stuff, is busy plying her wheel. Her face is turned to hold a conversation with a fellow-workwoman, while a third member of the party dressed in green stretches out a beautiful bare arm as she reels what has been already spun. In the mid-distance another figure dressed in scarlet is at work with a distaff, the colour of her garment being much subdued by the deep shadows of the room. In the back-ground, lit by a ray of light entering through a window that is not shown, three ladies appear regarding some tapestries [1] hung up for their inspection.

In March 1654 Velazquez was no doubt present at, and

[1] We learn from Riano that Antonio Ceron was in charge of the tapestry manufactory in the Calle de Santa Isabel in 1625. The date of the first commencement of the manufacture in Spain is uncertain.

possibly not quite an idle spectator of, the famous Inauguration of the Pantheon at the Escorial. Thither were borne, in the presence of all that could lend dignity to a scene so solemn, the ashes of the great departed of the Spanish House of Austria—Carlos V. and his Empress Doña Isabel, Philip II. and his Consort Doña Anna, Philip III. and his Queen Doña Margarita de Austria, and there they were laid in their last resting-place. The remembrance of the scene must have risen up before the eyes of Velazquez as he strove to picture to himself the friendly gathering of artists in far-off Seville, that a few months later laid to rest, with less costly display, but with greater depth of feeling, the form of his valued father-in-law and kind old master Pacheco.

We have yet to give a description of a work which is reckoned high, if not highest, among Velazquez's *chefs-d'œuvre*. It is generally referred to the year 1656, and the scene it represents is as follows:—

The painter stands at his easel in one of the chambers of the palace. Though the king and queen are not in sight, their figures being supposed to be placed beyond the canvas, we see them in the reflection of a mirror suspended on the further wall. The little princess Margarita Maria, some four or five years old, occupies a prominent position in the foreground. She is attended by her maids of honour (young demoiselles of high degree, from whose presence the picture takes its name of *Las Meninas*), one of whom kneels to hand the princess a cup of water. Near to this group are shown two well-known dwarfs, Barbola and Pertusato, sporting with a huge mastiff. A flood of light streams in from an open door far down the room, where Don Joseph Nieto, the Queen's quartermaster, has just raised a curtain. Two other personages of the Court converse apart, barely distinguishable in the darkness of the shadows.[1]

[1] Luca Giordano is said to have paid this picture the compliment of entitling it *La Theologia de la Pintura*, an expression which may be interpreted according to the fancy of the reader.

THE MAIDS OF HONOUR. By Velazquez.
In the Madrid Gallery.

The chamber into which we are here supposed to have been looking no longer exists. In 1734 a disastrous fire broke out in the old Alcazar of Madrid, in which perished we know not how many priceless works painted by Velazquez's hand, and from the destruction occasioned by which there escaped but few of all the numerous specimens of sculpture that had been the fruit of his Italian wanderings. The whole palace sank into a charred mass of ruins.

In the picture just described the figure of the painter appears decorated with the cross of Santiago—that highly-coveted honour, the proud badge of knighthood. The story of his receiving it is this: The king, when the painting of *Las Meninas* was finished, was greatly delighted with it, and pretending to be carefully examining it on the easel, remarked suddenly that there was something yet wanting to make it perfect. Suiting the action to the word, he seized one of the studio brushes, and dipping it in carmine, hastily sketched in, with his own royal hand, on the figure of the painter in the picture, the cross of Santiago.

That coloured symbol still glows on the breast of the artist's effigy. That he was admitted into the Order seems to be indisputable, only some reasons are adduced for referring the date of his admission to a period two or three years later. We must not, therefore, even at the loss of our story, turn a deaf ear to the voice of the critic, suggesting that this record of the honour was added "by command," and possibly not added till after the painter's decease.

One word about Velazquez's school. Imitators and followers he may have had, but in the sense of keeping a studio for imparting the principles of his art he cannot be said to have had anything of the kind at all. The biographies name as his pupils Del Mazo, Pareja, Alfaro, Murillo, &c. If Pareja learnt anything from him it was *par hazard*. Murillo, we have seen, profited by his advice, but he could not without doing violence

to language be called his scholar. Alfaro is a very misty character, and Del Mazo was as old a man, if not an older man, than his father-in-law.

The mention of Alfaro leads us to the consideration of a small work, on the title-page of which his name occurs, and which has been held to be the one link needful for justifying the enrolment of Velazquez's name among the *litterateurs* of his country. The following quotation from Sir W. Stirling-Maxwell's 'Annals of the Artists of Spain' will best explain the state of our knowledge touching the matters to which this work refers up to quite a recent date.

"From 1656 to the end of his life the occupations of Velasquez seldom allowed him to enjoy the tranquillity of his studio. In that year he was employed to superintend the arrangement of a quantity of pictures in the Escorial. This collection consisted of forty-one pieces purchased from the Whitehall gallery, of some which he had himself brought from Italy, and of others presented to the king by the Count of Castrillo, an ex-viceroy of Naples. Having placed them to the best advantage in the palace-convent, he drew up a catalogue of the whole, noting the position, painter, history, and merits of each picture, a paper which probably guided Fray Francisco de los Santos in his description of the Escorial, and may perhaps still exist in the royal archives."

In 1871 Don Alfonso de Castro, a bibliophile of Cadiz, laid before the Spanish world of letters a pamphlet purporting to have been printed at Rome under Alfaro's direction in 1658,[1] and to contain the catalogue drawn up by Velazquez. Alfaro was then but eighteen years old. We have no account of his having ever visited Rome.

On examining the contents of the pamphlet we first encounter a preface containing a reference to the Prince of Wales and his efforts, at Madrid and elsewhere, to collect pictures wherewith

[1] For the title-page of this pamphlet see Appendix, Note C.

to decorate his palaces at "Guesmenster" and "Nonciutem." We are then told how, at the sale of his treasures, Haro instructed the Spanish ambassador to spare no expense in securing the best of them—how they thus came to Spain, and reached the king, who hung them in his palace.

[Hereabouts Velazquez refers to (or is supposed to refer to) his master as "Jupiter."] We then get an account in detail of several of the more important of the forty-one pictures presently removed. If Velazquez actually wrote the notice of the first of these there can be no longer any doubt of his admiration of Raphael's power. It is a description of "La Perla," and contains expressions such as these:—"The whole being of rare excellence both in drafting and colour"; "the pose and the head of the Virgin are something more than human"; "the draperies are the ideal of correctness"; "one could never go too far in one's praise of the feeling and care apparent throughout this production." His admiration of the rendering of tissues breaks out still more forcibly in the presence of a work by Andrea del Sarto. He terms a green robe with which he is there enraptured "tunicela verde *divinamente laborada*." But did he really write the catalogue we here have before us?

CHAPTER VII.

VELAZQUEZ AS AN ARTIST.

IN treating of Velazquez as an artist we find ourselves face to face with the enquiry, What is it that stands out as the main characteristic of his works?

Our answer is at hand. It is, first and foremost, his singular and entire devotion to truth. From the earliest commencement of his life as an artist he has given himself with the most entire and complete openhandedness to sincerity of treatment. However poor, meagre, or insignificant in form or colouring, the objects that he has from time to time undertaken to represent—he has made it his first duty, his prominent and visible aim, to approach as nearly as his art will admit to actual reproduction. No pains have been spared, no labour of primary or repeated toil has been deemed too great, to achieve this one result. His first master, Herrera el Viejo, is said to have worked, designing and colouring with one and the same stroke, with brushes of unusual length, and with a boldness and freedom of hand that stamped his individual character strongly upon the works he threw off. Velazquez clearly was but a boy when he left that master's studio, but the impressions he received there would have been implanted at a time when the mind is highly retentive. The processes he observed in daily use would have stamped themselves indelibly on his memory. Later on, when working under Pacheco's roof, he not merely made studies of objects

of still life, such as would be furnished by the markets or streets of Seville—at first as single objects, gradually passing on to grouping and composition—producing thus specimens of work of a kind of which we have numerous examples, of a date a century later, from the brush of the French painter Chardin; but he also proceeded by processes equally laborious to acquaint himself with the mysteries that surrounded the successful reproduction of the features of his fellow-men. With this in view he kept as a model a peasant lad, whose physiognomy was called upon to fashion itself in turn to the semblance of all the various passions that enliven or distort the human face divine. Laughter, sorrow, joy—the whole series was unflinchingly attacked by the intelligent and indefatigable toiler. This constant practice gave him extraordinary command over the technicalities of portrait-painting, as his earlier studies had made him master of the difficulties of surface and texture.

Broadly it may be said that Pacheco gave him his rules, but his personal individuality did not permit itself to be limited by them. He seized with avidity all that there was of essence and of sweetness in the flowers placed before him, but it was that he might distil from them in the alembic of his own pre-eminent genius a yet subtler and more dainty perfume. The world that ventures within its range struggles helplessly against the all-potent charm.

As the result of such careful and constant assiduity he acquired a marvellous facility of hand. Of the details of his daily toil as a student, further than what has been already mentioned, we have but scanty information, only we know that he drew freely with black and white on a coloured paper.[1] That part of Pacheco's

[1] It is remarked by Ford, who had perhaps better opportunities of forming a correct opinion than any other Englishman since the time of Philip IV., that Velazquez "seems to have *drawn*, improvised as it were, on the canvas, for sketches or previous studies on paper are very seldom to be met with." But this, it would seem, is rather meant as a remark applicable to his custom in maturer life, — the "drawing on coloured paper," for which Pacheco is our authority, having been the process adopted

'Arte de la Pintura' which treats of the technicalities of the Art will give the curious further particulars as to the nature of the rules that must have prevailed under that master's *régime*. It has been made a charge against Velazquez, that he was guilty of a tendency towards selecting unworthy forms, and it is true that the course of study which had developed his powers of treating surface and texture, and had guided him safely through the mysteries of perspective, had not lain through flowery fields of delicate phantasy. The hard, rough materials which obtrude their angles at every turn of daily life had been the elements with which his earlier hours of study were most familiar. And when he had passed beyond the study of the inanimate, and was bent on higher flights, in the selection of his human models no wide range of choice could be his. He had to content himself with a single form, and that, so to speak, the first that chance brought to hand, his solitary Andalucian peasant lad. The innate powers of the art of portraiture to become *per se* elevating to the artist are circumscribed by limits that seem ever and ever narrowing. Deficiencies in the intellectual development of the subjects with which it has to deal, no less than deficiencies in respect of form and figure, are apt to drag down, as with a subtle unseen influence, the spirit that in other branches of the painter's art might breathe a purer air, and expand unfettered. A study of dwarfs must ever be the reverse of ennobling, and to keep one's self so thoroughly imbued with the consciousness of the

"Divinity that doth hedge a king,"

as never to lose, rather than to gain, by painting royalty, must be at times a task of consummate difficulty. To each and all of these dangers in turn was the pathway our painter trod exposed. For free agents to err in their choice between what is worthy of perpetuation and what is unworthy is by no means uncommon.

in earlier years, and possibly not continued after he was freed from the shackles of the studio. We may fairly conclude that even prior to that moment he was using Herrera's bolder process from time to time.

Our painter was not even a free agent. The hired servant of a monarch may ofttimes in the privacy of his chamber sigh over the lack of independence which is the penalty that must almost inevitably be paid for the boon of freedom from worldly pressure and cares of daily maintenance.

When Velazquez steps out of the region of ordinary routine duties, and, released for the moment from the ties of royal commands and commissions, goes forth into paths that admit of greater play for originality, we find him much more free from this defect, though something of the leaven still clings to him.

For those who would enquire whether unworthiness of form is a reproach fairly to be cast on all that the brush and palette of Spain have ever produced for us, a reply is ready at hand. Most admirable as his work has been, whatever even the great Murillo has bequeathed to us must, when placed in the same scale with a "Madonna di San Sisto," a "Madonna di Foligno," or a "Transfiguration," suffer by the comparison, as of a verity containing more of this lower earth. Raphael has gone forth shaking from him the fetters of this world below, and of its manifestations of mere feeble inferior human life on earth, to paint us a creation of an upper realm. Murillo—vast as his power of emancipating himself in the same direction undoubtedly was, and standing forward as he does as by far the most prominent instance that Spanish art can produce of anything approaching inspiration under the spell of the religious element—is yet held chained a step nearer earth. One proof of this is to be seen in the strong localisation of his figures. His madonnas could not have breathed an universal air, they must inhale the atmosphere of Spain, and of Spain alone. In purity of conception, making all that large allowance which can fairly be claimed (men are perhaps but dimly conscious how difficult it is to avoid being unduly biassed in forming comparisons between purely secular works and those that deal with the pious sentiment), he certainly far out-distanced the great Velazquez. In their search for truth of expression and the

genuine realities of nature the two great champions of the art walk hand in hand.

It is but fitting that attention should be paid to the existence of this weakness, this shadow that with more or less transparency falls athwart the rays that flash from the gleaming diamond: for the praise which is our painter's due must not lack its legitimate counterpoise. Readily, indeed, shall we pardon a defect that, as we have seen, was the result of the operation of external causes rather than of any individual shortcoming, when once in the presence of his actual works. Paintings so sincere and real, so free from any approach to artistic trick, so charming in their tone of simple, open-hearted frankness, win us at once; and, lost in admiration, we cease to criticise.

The arrangement of his groups in composite pictures is indicative of very careful study. For details on this point, criticisms by various authors on particular pictures may be consulted, but reference may be made here to one or two examples. The Louvre picture, known as the *Réunion d'Artistes*, gives us a most successful, if not an absolutely triumphant, attempt at solving the crucial difficulty of representing with equal honours a series of upwards of a dozen personages in a single tableau. To right and to left of the central cluster groups, each consisting of three figures, are thrown off, two only out of the figures in each group presenting the full face—an arrangement by which an appearance of much variety is produced. Approaching nearer the centre we come upon two minor offshoots, a pair of figures in each, one only of the pair pourtrayed with full front face. The three central heads are then arranged in a dignified but not obtrusive cluster. Again, though the figures at first sight appear simply posed on a common greensward, there is a subtle curvature of the line that conceals the fact that one group is really drawn on a considerably larger scale. With all this grouping nowhere is there an appearance of unease.

Something of the same method may be traced, too, in the work

known as *Las Hilanderas*. Here the principal figure on the right, on which the strong mass of light is concentrated, is toned down by the immediate collocation of a minor repetition of itself in the person of a girl stooping forwards arranging some tapestry. The dark figures on the sombre back-ground of the opposite side of the scene form a counterbalance—the action represented, and their pose being all in the direction of lines leading off from the too powerful rays that impinge upon the right-hand figure. The delicate artifice with which upon the *arrière-scène* — a tapestry hung up on view in a recess—each of the main elements of the fore-plot is reproduced under other forms is exceedingly clever in conception.

As a colourist too Velazquez was great—great in his powers of rejection, and masterly in the selection of the elements that should be permitted to enter into his scheme. His method of treatment, if modified to some extent, as has been elsewhere suggested, by contact with Venetian art, was essentially Spanish; but it was an Españolismo sublimated and refined to the furthest point of perfection. In that country, rich in the joint contributions of imported art and native talent, whether the traveller enter the Convent, the Cloister, or the Cathedral, or wander through the portrait-crowded saloons of the palace, from Burgos to Granada, from Cadiz to Tarragona, throughout the length and breadth of the land, Spanish art of the middle ages will appear dark and sombre to the eye. The outburst of glorious colour—the gift of other lands—that the Madrid Museum will have in store for him will be as overwhelming as it will have been utterly undreamt of. The Spaniard's gaze rests not on the blue waters of an ever-present ocean, or even on the unscorching azure of an Italian sky, it is bent rather on his rugged sierras and on his vast plains of brown, where not even his flocks and herds mar the harmony of monotony by variation. Our artist, a Spaniard by birth, brought up among Spaniards and learning his craft at the feet of Spanish teachers, was human, and felt

his humanity. It was not for him to abandon the firm foundation he felt beneath him to lose himself amid attempts after the more brilliant contrasts and more glowing palette of Italian schools. His tone must be in harmony with his old surroundings. Even when fresh from his first visit to Venice his spirit had felt strongly the points of contact that existed between himself and the brother Spaniard whom he encountered in the studios of Naples; and doubtless the alliance was mutually effective in binding them both to a closer allegiance to their national idiosyncrasies. A single instance (one all the more available for us Englishmen, in that it can be seen at our own door[1]) will be ample for the purpose of illustrating his peculiar chariness in the use of colour. We have each and all seen again and again portraits of distinguished personages of our own country clad in the brilliancy of our military scarlet. Not a year passes over our heads but our exhibitions show us one or more Lord Lieutenants decked in this dazzling panoply. But if we try to recall the image left upon the retina, what is there? A broad sweep of vermilion surmounted by a head which we cannot bring back to mind without an effort. Velazquez has had a similar task before him, but how has he acquitted himself? Pushed out of the sphere of his favourite browns and greys by the imperative demands of the apparel of his subject, he too has dipped his brush in glowing reds. But how warily has he gone to work with them! How deftly has he reduced their glare, and sobered their power of obtrusiveness! And then the flash of silver ornaments profusely overlaid upon the dress is rendered by whites that have been thrice dipped in some Stygian stream. They have dried crisply while yet the traces of their bath were streaming from them, and even the highest lights are *per se* shadowy and dull. But let us retire a little way, and bid the air flow in between us and the work. We exclaim, "What a charming dress!" "How sash and sword handle gleam with

[1] Dulwich Gallery, No. 309.

silver!" "There is princely apparel indeed!" And now how the head looks out upon us. We shall never forget *that* face. Such is the marvellous effect that this highly gifted mind produces for us, working under a clear view of the true claims of the adage—*ne quid nimis*. It is, says Charles Blanc in his criticism on Velazquez's colouring, a musician executing divine harmonies with only two or three notes, where Rubens or Veronese would *jouer à grand orchestre*.

His varieties of style have been classified in accordance with divisions suggested by certain epochs in his life. They have not received any such distinctive titles as have been given to those that mark the works of his great follower in the highest walks of Spanish art, Murillo, *e. g.* the *frio*, *calido*, and *vaporoso*, but are confined to the ordinary nomenclature of first, second, and third. Taking the classification adopted by Madrazo, the works produced previous to the time of his first Italian visit in 1629 are considered as belonging to the first period. Such influences as his studies in that country had upon his method are supposed to be traceable in the works he left executed between that date and the second occasion of his leaving Spain for Italy, *i. e.* up to the year 1649, after which time a difference again occurs marking his third period. The portraits he painted both early and late in his career are so numerous that it is better to make a selection from his paintings of other subjects as samples of the different notes thus struck. The *Adoration of the Shepherds*, in the National Gallery, and the more famous work *Los Bebedores*, also known as *Los Borrachos*, are examples of his earlier time. To this point his taste had been formed by Pacheco and the Sevillans, and modified by his studies amidst the works of other masters hanging on the walls of the palaces at Madrid, at the Pardo, or at the Escorial, commenced in the year 1622, and continued during his residence at Court. His Italian tour was partly employed, as we learn from Pacheco, in sketching from the works of Michelangelo and Raphael. It is the opinion of Sir William

Stirling-Maxwell that his subsequent productions show no trace whatever of any leaning to the Raphaelesque, but this may have been the result of the promptings of his own strong Spanish individuality, and not of any lack of appreciation of the merits of Urbino's illustrious painter.

We are not called upon to attach any value to the account of his conversation with Salvator Rosa on this subject given in Boschini's work; but it is generally admitted that, so far as his individuality suffered itself to be fettered at all, it owed the variation of its after manifestation to the influence of the Venetian school. The traces of the change are first noted in the *Forge of Vulcan*, executed in Italy, while from the numerous works painted after his return the *Crucifixion* and *Las Lanzas* may be selected. The three instances here referred to as marking his second period are all preserved in the Madrid Museum. The terms "solid," "brilliant," and "easy," or rather the corresponding Spanish words, have been selected as applicable to their characteristics. Finally we come to the period of *Las Hilanderas*, and of a work which has drawn down the highest encomiums from all, *Las Meninas*, where the painter himself appears at work amid a family group of the blood royal. These are typical specimens of his startling power of creating true breadths of light and space, in which his figures should in very truth seem to breathe, and amid which they should move without restraint. He and nature had formed a firm alliance, and neither the delicate subtleties of the soft Italian schools, nor the fantastic gorgeousness of the Italo-Flemish Rubens, had power to warp his affections or to allure him from a steadfast obedience to her mandates.

Two short quotations, one on his skill in portraiture, the other on the human element in his work, may well close this brief attempt at delineating "Velazquez as an artist." They are both from the charming pen of that most indefatigable and talented writer, Richard Ford.

"His portraits baffle description and praise. They must be seen. He elevated that humble branch to the dignity of history. He drew the minds of men—they live, breathe, and seem ready to walk out of the frames. His power of painting circumambient air, his knowledge of lineal and aerial perspective, the gradation of tone in light, shadow, and colour, give an absolute concavity to the flat surface of his canvas: we look into a space, into a room, into the reflection of a mirror. The freshness, individuality, and identity of each person are quite startling, nor can we doubt the anecdote related of Philip IV., who, mistaking for the man the portrait of Admiral Pareja in a dark corner of Velasquez's room, exclaimed,—he had been ordered to sea,—'What! still here?'"

and again—

"No virgin ever descended into his studio. No cherubs hovered around his pallet. He did not work for priest or ecstatic anchorite, but for plumed kings and booted knights; hence the neglect and partial failure of his holy and mythological pictures,—holy, like those of Caravaggio, in nothing but name,—groups rather of low life, and that so truly painted as still more to mar, by a treatment not in harmony with the subject, the elevated sentiment."

CHAPTER VIII.

1654—1660.

THE LAST JOURNEY—MISSION OF THE DUKE OF GRAMMONT—THE ROYAL PROGRESS—THE MEETING IN THE ISLE OF PHEASANTS—THE ROYAL WEDDING — THE RETURN TO MADRID — DEATH — BURIAL.

THE arrival of the Duke of Grammont at Madrid in the middle of October 1659, was the first important step taken towards cementing, by the still closer union of a royal marriage, a treaty of peace between the rival powers of France and Spain. On the day of the Envoy's formal entry into that city he was met by a company of noblemen of high degree, headed by the Admiral of Castille, Don Juan Gaspar Enriquez de Cabrera. Thus escorted to the palace in state he was ushered into the presence of the king, who, surrounded by grandees, received him in the "Golden Saloon." The Monarch was "discovered" leaning against a writing-desk beneath a rich canopy of state that glittered with jewels. The chronicler dwells with evident gusto on the details of the audience; and, characteristic as it is of the manners of the time, we may spare a few moments for his account of it. From him we learn that the Duke and the Admiral on their entrance each made a first and a second obeisance, the Monarch in reply to the first raising his sombrero; the second was the signal for the Admiral to withdraw to one side, leaving the Duke to advance till he reached his Majesty's

THE DWARF OF PHILIP IV.

By Velazquez.

In the Madrid Gallery.

feet. There his reception was of the most gracious kind, and his Majesty forthwith begged him to be covered.[1] As the interview continued, and the Duke entered on the business, and delivered the messages of which he was the bearer, he took off his hat and made a profound reverence every time he had occasion to mention the name of any royal personage. This stately performance was brought to a conclusion by his handing to the King letters barely three weeks old, bearing the signatures of the king's "good sister" Aña, and "good brother" Luis, and by a formal presentation of the Duke's sons and the rest of his French suite. A move was then made to the Queen's audience chamber, where a similar scene was enacted in the august presence of her Majesty and the Infantas Maria Teresa and Margarita, letters being finally delivered to the Queen and to the elder of the two princesses.

On quitting the Palace the Duke and his sons were driven by the Admiral to quarters specially prepared for them on a scale of great splendour and magnificence — quarters the decoration and arrangements of which doubtless bore witness to the care and taste of Velazquez. The sojourn of the Envoy at Court was the signal for a struggle between the gay and wealthy courtiers as to which of them should pay him most attention. Spain in those days had not fully earned her title of "Non-dinner-giving Iberia." A splendid evening entertainment was the sequel to a theatrical performance given beneath the princely roof of the Lord Admiral—and the following day the same generous host provided a meal, the particulars of which have been put on record for the benefit of a degenerate posterity. The decorations and appointments of the tables, buffets, and sideboards were of the most elegant and elaborate kind, and the *tables d'hôte* of the most celebrated modern Continental hotels might well blush at the thought of having to parade their *menus* in the face of the

[1] This was to treat him as a "Grandee," a member of the highest rank of Spanish nobility.

catalogue of dainties. The meal began between one and two, and lasted on far into the evening of the long autumnal day. Eight hundred courses of every consumable delicacy were during that time handed to the still wondering, and apparently as yet still unsated, guests. A further list of *hors d'œuvres* and of dishes of dessert brought the number of the *plâts* up to a thousand. At the close of this gigantic repast there followed a comedy, but the hospitable feelings of the admiral were not yet satisfied, and as the play proceeded the guests were plied anew with delicacies and sweets, till exhausted nature at last sought relief in flinging the superabundant good things to the crowd beneath the windows.

These and similar honours showered upon the French Envoy testified to the general desire that prevailed for the accomplishment of the hopes that were aroused by his mission. Spain was indeed anxious for peace, and France having made the first advance by sending the letters which contained the proposals for the Royal union, there was no room for Spanish pride to take offence. Now that Philip had a son to whom the succession would naturally pass, he too was only too pleased to find the path to such a consummation so smooth, and he loaded the ambassador with costly presents at his departure.

A few weeks later the two Prime Ministers Haro and Mazarin met on an island in the Bidassoa, a river whose winding stream separates the two realms, and there on that nearest approximation to debateable ground that could be found, drew up and signed the preliminaries of peace—the marriage of the king of Spain's daughter Maria Teresa to the French monarch Louis XIV. forming by far the most important clause in the unwieldy document. The site of this earlier meeting was soon to be honoured by the presence of more august, though perhaps of less autocratic, visitors.

Partly that there should be no difficulties in the way of a complete understanding, partly that he might himself watch

over the safety of his daughter on so long a journey, and also partly from the natural desire of seeing the bridegroom of the future, and once again looking upon the face of the sister from whom he had been so long separated, Philip determined that he would himself attend the marriage conference. This was to be held in the island above mentioned, known as the Island of Pheasants. The necessary orders were accordingly issued at the opening of the new year, and mid-April was fixed as the time for the journey to commence. Earlier than that the great uncertainty of the weather, and the state of the roads, would have made such an expedition a matter of grave difficulty if not of actual hazard.

The first step taken was to send forward Don Pedro de Salcedo and Don Pedro Navarro, two officers of State,[1] to see the roads put in order, and to make all the needful arrangements for proper supplies of every kind being forthcoming when required. The king determined to travel as expeditiously as might be, and so arranged for the greater part of his Court to remain behind. Lists were duly drawn up of those who were to join, and among the names we find those of Velazquez and of his son-in-law Juan Baptista del Mazo.[2]

The fifteenth of April having at length arrived the king left his palace in the early afternoon, and drove with his daughter to the sanctuary that enshrined the celebrated image of our Lady of Atocha. When Spanish Royalty enters the holy estate of matrimony it is in the presence of this silent witness that the Church pronounces her blessing. As in the alliance now about to be consummated such a course would be impossible, something

[1] We gather the interesting details of this journey from 'Viage del Re,' the carefully-compiled work of an eye-witness, Leonardo Castillo, one of the officers attached to the Secretary of State who accompanied the king

[2] Velazquez is described as Cavallero del Orden de Santiago, Ayuda de Camara, and Aposentador de Palacio (= Knight of Santiago, Chamberlain, and Grand Marshal of the Palace) : Juan Baptista as Ayuda de la Furriera.

at least might be attained by even a partial compliance with so pious a custom. Before the venerated figure, black with antiquity,[1] the departing princess paid her devotions with particular fervency, as for the last time. Thence, seated beside her father as before, she passed out of the city by the Alcalá gate.

Nor had Madrid meanwhile been idle. From every quarter, on foot, or horseback, or in carriages, crowds had gathered and swelled, all eager to do honour to their monarch's progress. They surged around the Royal *cortége* and the train that followed in its wake, and which, after every precaution had been taken to reduce its size, was yet so huge. They streamed in thousands out along the high road. Hardly was it possible to make a pathway through them. For two long Spanish leagues —the whole way to the gates of the University City of Alcalá de Henares—the same state of things prevailed. It was quite evening before the king could reach the place.

But arriving there at last he found that most loyal preparations had been made for his reception. A glazed balcony had been specially constructed for his use, and thence when night had fallen upon the city he presently viewed a pastime of a rare kind set out in the brilliantly-illuminated Plaza. It was a bull-fight for which the unfortunate animals had been equipped,—some by having packs of inflammable material, tar and resin, strapped on their backs—others by having their horns set about with fireworks. These when the sport began were kindled, and, what with burning flames and fiery sparks and sudden explosions, the fury of the poor brutes was roused to the highest possible pitch, and the excitement and peril of the combat rendered worthy of the eyes of Royalty. Thus was concluded an evening previously signalized by a great public reception of the authorities, a general illumination, and a lavish display of fireworks. The following day the party journeyed on northwards to Guada-

[1] According to Villafane, "it was carved, or at least varnished, by St. Luke."—*Ford.*

DOÑA ANTONIA DAUGHTER OF DON LUIS DE HARO

By Velazquez.

In the possession of the Duke of Alba

laxara, after bidding a formal adieu to those who had come so far by way of compliment.

The suite that still continued on its way was by no means a meagre one. The Prime Minister Haro formed the most prominent figure (it is said that he thought less than two hundred attendants a number too small for his personal retinue), and then we are supplied with a long list in which figure the names of the greatest houses of Spain, each in their proper order of precedence. The eye is bewildered by the profusion of Ducal and Seignorial titles, distributed amid Guzmans, Fonsecas, Mendozas, Bobadillas, Silvas, Villamayors, and numerous others.

To these are added the titles of Spanish Ladies of Honour attached to the household of the young princess and destined to accompany their mistress to her future home. The names of great ecclesiastics help to swell the roll, and then we learn how that besides a long array of functionaries, among which figure Doctors, Surgeons, and Sangrados (those veritable leeches of Spain), the requirements of the journey called for the services of a whole army of Breadmen and Meatmen, Lords of the Spit, Clerks of the Store-Closet and Rangers of the Larder, Coachmen, Grooms, Lacqueys, and Trumpeters. Sundry noblemen added their train to this moving column, not summoned as of duty, but rendering voluntary service, to make the braver show.

Day by day the caravan continued constantly advancing, everywhere received with manifestations of the utmost loyalty. The larger towns would provide illuminations and fireworks on a grand scale, while the smaller places taxed their ingenuity to arrange some fiesta which should be at least suggestive of the locality. One village would provide rustic dances, another would rear a triumphal arch around which the peasants arranged in responsive choirs chanted alternate hymns of welcome. Were there a convent in the way its choicest relics were produced to tempt the piety of the royal group to halt for an act of worship, and the grateful inmates would then show

how even poor monks could spread a banquet not unworthy of a king. At Guipuzcoa the fatigues of the journey were forgotten in the novelty of the sword-dances, performed to the most orthodox, if inharmonious, accompaniment of the mingled strains of fife and horn. At Burgos letters from the anxious bridegroom bid the princess remember that the frontier was not really now so far away. On the other hand, the journey was marked by its *contretemps* of a more or less serious character. At Berlanga the enthusiasm had been so great that the inhabitants must needs fire a salvo with such small ordnance as they had, and, in the attempt, create an involuntary illumination by setting the castle on fire. Elsewhere heavy rains so checked the advance that a halt had to be called, and quarters discovered where chance would allow, upsetting all the calculations of the Aposentadores—the carriages coming thronging into the place far into the night, after a long and painful torch-light struggle with the dangers of the road. Sometimes all the preparations for a masquerade or other public spectacle were rendered useless by the like tempestuous skies. Sometimes the quarters chosen were so little to the king's taste that he was fain to seek out others without delay. And once a page slipped struggling with his horse into a stream, whence though *every effort* was made by the Captain of the Guard offering in loud tones a hundred crowns to whoever would effect a rescue, not all the king's horses and all the king's men sufficed to extricate him.

The journey to Burgos had occupied upwards of a week, and nearly a week was spent there ; after which Haro hurried on in advance to meet the French Prime Minister, and get business over, fearful lest the real interests of Spain should be lost sight of amid the anxieties of the royal meeting. May was advancing as the crafty diplomatists sat down in solemn conference, in the Pavilion on the Pheasants' Island. Meantime the Royal party, moving forward to San Sebastian, were greeted by thundering salvos of artillery. It was no small wonder for inland eyes to view the ocean waves, and watch the huge floating castles of

Spanish maritime warfare. Here water entertainments of various kinds lightened the tedium of a somewhat protracted stay, while for visitors there came over nobles from the Parisian Court, and among them no less a personage than the great Marshal Turenne.

And now, what part did Velazquez take in all these gay doings? It has been not unfrequently assumed, that the illness from which he suffered at the end of the following July was the result of the fatigue consequent upon his laborious duties on this progress. Palomino tells us of his quitting the Capital in March, of the particular orders he received, of the figure he made with sword and silver scabbard at the Chamber of Conference, and of his being the messenger employed to convey the rich presents that King Louis XIV. sent to his father-in-law when they were separating. But can we trust Palomino's evidence? Ford speaks of him as that "credulous uncritical Spanish Vasari." His evidence in the case of Velazquez must certainly be received with the greatest caution. First, because Palomino was but a child at the death of the painter, and his work was not published till nearly sixty years after that event: and next, because he was indebted for nearly the whole of his facts about Velazquez's life to one Don Juan de Alfaro, a personage who in concert with his brother, Enriquez de Alfaro, had written an epitaph on the deceased artist. But what do we know about Alfaro? He did not go on the journey to France. His name is not on the lists so carefully drawn up for that progress. Neither is it prominent among those of the courtier throng that clustered round the throne at Madrid.[1] We are limited, then, as regards Velazquez's

[1] Cean Bermudez says he was a painter of Cordova, and that after quitting that place, he revisited it in 1675, and in 1678. Palomino was born in 1653, and moved to Cordova in early youth. Alfaro seems, if a painter, to have been but an amateur. We find a namesake, one Don Francisco de Alfaro, mentioned in connection with the legal suit for the exemption of artists from taxation, but we do not know that the two were in any way connected. The epitaph above referred to will be found in the Appendix. Note D.

part in this journey, to but one or two slight references of undoubted authenticity. It must be left for imagination to supply the details.

Senor Zarco del Valle has discovered in the Royal archives, a document proving that the painter left Madrid on the 8th of April, a week before the king's departure, and that in his "compania" was one Gaxero, a carpenter. He travelled in a litter, one of his subordinates, Villareal, sharing a coach with Nieto, the queen's aposentador. He also signed a certificate for a claim for a payment due to the workman aforesaid, on the 19th of May, *i. e.* exactly a week after Haro and Mazarin inaugurated, by their presence for the second time, the Island-Pavilion. Velazquez would then himself have been on the banks of the Bidassoa, but could hardly have been there more than a fortnight before those Plenipotentiaries appeared on the scene. We learn from Castillo that there had been selected to go with Velazquez three subordinates, Goetens, Villareal, and his son-in-law Mazo. These officers held the post of Ayuda de la Furriera, Mazo's appointment being now of three years' standing. Unfortunately the record is silent as to what would most interest us. Whatever the duties of the painter in his capacity of Aposentador on this occasion may have been, it is scarcely likely that they comprised both the arranging for the enormous caravan that followed him, and the decoration of the Pavilion on the Bidassoa. It has been ordinarily assumed that it was the duty of the Aposentador de Palacio to attend to the former business in any case; but do not the probabilities rather point on this occasion in the direction of those duties having been discharged by other officials? Castillo tells us that there were a full complement of Aposentadores de Camino (Quartermasters for Progress) attached to the king's company. In the list, too, of an earlier progress, four of these officers are named; although an Aposentador de Palacio then also accompanied the king. Possibly the Aposentador de Palacio, whose name precedes those of the secretaries and

ecclesiastics of the suite, when away from the palace, had merely minor duties to perform in the way of attendance on the king's person. At Madrid he would be called upon to see that princes and ambassadors were suitably lodged ; at the same time that he exercised a general superintendence over the fittings and internal arrangements of the royal palace. It would seem, on the whole, probable that the Pavilion having been already previously constructed,[1] in accordance with designs sent forward at an earlier date, Velazquez went in his official capacity to superintend the final arrangement of the hangings and decorations ; and that after the conclusion of the State ceremonial, leaving to his subordinates the task of removing the tapestries, &c., he joined the king's suite at Fuentarabia, and went home with him by way of Valladolid.[2]

Time would fail us to tell of the glories of the king's State-barge, of the splendour of the equipages, of the magnificent appearance of the Royal Guards on this side and on that, what time in opening June the two Courts stood face to face on either bank of the Bidassoa. The chambers of the edifice, constructed with the most elaborate care, and with the most scrupulous attention to bestowing exactly an equal share in its transient honours on the Lords of each great nation, were in due time approached (by covered gangway, or by bridges built on boats) by the Spanish king, his daughter, and his sister, — Louis stealing the first glimpse of his bride unseen. The next day's sun rose to witness a formal signing of the long-debated treaty, and the State ceremonial of a joint *levée* of the united Courts.

With flourish of trumpets and outburst of military music

[1] It was built for the Treaty of the Pyrenees in 1659. La casa que en dicha Isla se ha hecho *este año* para los tratados de la Paz. 'Viage del Re.'

[2] For the present, too, this also must be matter of conjecture. Palomino requires confirmation. Gaxero, who started with Velazquez, was again at Madrid, his term of service over, two days before the king's arrival. 'Doc. Ined.' lv.

Philip bade adieu to the Isle of Pheasants on the 7th of June, entering his State-barge, and dropping down the river to Fuentarabia. Meanwhile the royal household of France, accompanied by Spanish outriders, set out upon the road that led to St. Jean de Luz. Four-and-twenty mules in rich housings toiled along that, by them, hitherto untrodden track, dragging the treasure-waggons of the newly-married Infanta. Haro and Mazarin still remained to pick the last bones of contention.

Of the treasures that had now gone away northwards, the ecclesiastical world were the first to receive a share. A convent at St. Jean de Luz, where the queen heard her first mass in the new realm over which she was now to rule, lightened her mules' burden by becoming the recipient of a magnificent escritoire enriched with lapis-lazuli and precious stones.[1] The guns of that city thundered salvos, which were heard as far away as Fuentarabia, and thence, ere he started finally for the south, the king "sent over" an express to learn the latest tidings of his daughter.

His face once fairly set homewards the Spanish monarch was for travelling with what speed he could. No longer having the Princess to take charge of, he could journey over the stony and rugged roads of the extreme northern portion of his kingdom on horseback, much to the delight of his subjects in those parts, who thus saw more of him than fell to the lot of others. His stay now, even at such places as Vitoria and Burgos, was of the briefest, though from no lack of pressing invitation on the part of the inhabitants. At the latter place his retinue was rendered somewhat less cumbrous by the Infanta's household turning off into the original route. Hence he passed onward to that ancient seat of kings, and his own birthplace—Valladolid. Here a little time might be consecrated to repose, and to reviving the memories of the past. The city received him with open arms and the

[1] Inside it were gloves and leather goods, scented with ambergris. (*Cordobanes de ambar* (?) *guantes, y otras cosas curiosas de olor.*)

wildest manifestations of delight. The thronged streets could only be compared to the concourse that had witnessed his departure from the capital. So soon as the heat of the day had somewhat moderated, he quitted the Palace to visit his pleasure-grounds across the waters of the Pisuerga, and from the far side the river was presently a witness to the sport known as "Despeño de Toros" or "Bull-harrying." In this form of amusement the arena offered, or bid fair to offer, a door of escape to the half-maddened animals. To escape by that door was to rush out on to a platform from which the only exit was by leaping down into the torrent below. There fresh methods of torture awaited the luckless victim, and if the worried animal escaped alive to the banks, horsemen and footmen drove him upwards to renew the conflict in the Plaza—or to be hurried out again on to the fatal platform. As night fell upon the scene, the river lent itself to a fresh pastime. High into air rose in mid stream the tower of an ancient castle, manned as it seemed with able defenders, and furnished with ample ordnance. Anon four galleys came to the attack. Then broke forth such thundering of huge guns, such blaze of bursting powder, such flash of cannonading, that earth reeled with the shock, and the heavens seemed alive with fiery sparks. At last the triumph of the floating forces was complete. Suddenly the huge edifice sank into ashes amid one terrific explosion of its artificial fires.

A day was then devoted to religion, and to the claims of civic authorities. And here, as elsewhere in the returning progress, favours and rewards were showered by the king upon his faithful lieges,—benefices, judgeships, military crosses, or mitres. Ere the sun set, more bulls were hurried to their death in the huge Plaza Mayor, where tasteful balconies glittered in azure and gold; and there too was enacted, on a singularly magnificent scale, that display of dexterous horsemanship, "juego de cañas," which owed its origin to the simple but not less dexterous pastime of the Moorish Jereed.

The convent too of St. Paul, that had witnessed his baptism, claimed the honours of a visit, and masquerade and comedy, fireworks and illuminations, another bull fight and a "Mogiganga" (a carnivalesque entertainment in which the fun turned on the extravagance of the costumes and the smartness of the repartees of the performers), were crowded into the narrow compass of the two further days that the Court yet halted.

From such festivities they turned away at last, and travelled onwards till at length the massive pile of the Escorial came once more in view. Beyond lay the Casa del Campo, and there at last the king embraced his wife and daughter, and hurried onward to the Atocha Image. The city started up *en masse* to greet the returning wanderers, and high to heaven rose the strain of the exultant *Te Deum*.

The account of the concluding moments of our painter's life we borrow from Sir W. Stirling-Maxwell.[1]

"On the 31st July, on the feast of St. Ignatius Loyola, having been in attendance from early morning on his Majesty, he felt feverish and unwell; and retiring to his apartments in the palace, laid himself on the bed from whence he was to rise no more. The symptoms of his malady, spasmodic affections in the stomach and the region of the heart, accompanied by raging thirst, so alarmed his physician Vicencio Moles, that he called in the Court doctors, Alva and Chavarri. These learned persons discovered the name of the disease, which they called a syncopal tertian fever; but they were less successful in devising a remedy. No improvement appearing in the state of their patient, the King sent to his bedside, as spiritual adviser, Don Alfonso Perez de Guzman, Patriarch of the Indies, who, but a few weeks before, had shared with the dying artist in the pomps of the Isle of

[1] The passage is apparently based on Palomino's account. As regards the particulars given about the executorship we now know from other sources that the duties of an executor were certainly performed by Del Mazo—who is furthermore spoken of as a "*testamentario*" or executor.

THE LAUGHING IDIOT. BY VELAZQUEZ.

In the Belvedere, Vienna.

Pheasants. Velasquez now saw that his end was come. He signed his will, and appointed as his sole executors, his wife Doña Juana Pacheco and his friend Don Gaspar de Fuensalida, keeper of the Royal records, and having received the last sacraments of the Church, he breathed his last at two o'clock in the afternoon, on Friday 6th of August, 1660, in the 61st year of his age.

"The corpse, habited in the full dress of a knight of Santiago, lay for two days in state, in a chamber illuminated with tapers, and furnished with a crucifix and altar. On Sunday the 8th it was put into a coffin covered with black velvet, and garnished with gilt ornaments, the knightly cross, and the keys of chamberlain and Aposentador-Mayor; and at night carried with great pomp to the parish Church of San Juan. There it was placed in the principal chapel, in a temporary monument lit by twelve silver candelabra blazing with waxen tapers; and the burial service was sung by the royal choristers, in the presence of a great concourse of knights and nobles. The coffin was finally lowered into the vault beneath the family chapel of the Fuensalidas. If a monument was ever erected to Velasquez, it was destroyed by the French, who in 1811 pulled down the Church of San Juan, a paltry edifice, but deserving of respect for the sake of the ashes in its keeping. A bas-relief, in which he is represented as receiving his Order from the hands of Philip IV., has lately[1] been inserted in the pedestal of this monarch's equestrian statue in front of the palace. This is the sole public tribute which Madrid has yet paid to its peculiar artist, the prince of Spanish painters. His epitaph written . . . by his disciple, Juan de Alfaro, has been preserved by Palomino.[2] . . . . Juana Pacheco died on the 14th of August, eight days after her husband, and was buried in the same grave."

Since the talented author of the 'Annals of the Artists of

[1] The 'Annals' were published in 1848.

[2] See Appendix, Note D.

Spain' penned the above graphic account of the closing scene of the artist's life, the researches of Don Zarco del Valle in the archives at Madrid have permitted us to accompany his son-in-law and executor in the melancholy task of winding up the affairs of the painter's worldly estate. With him and with his co-executor the king's *greffier* Gaspar de Fuensalida, we may pass down the corridors of the palace on a morning later on in the self-same month, and break open the seals which, in accordance with Spanish custom, had been promptly set upon the entrance to the apartments of the deceased as soon as the vital spark had fled. We enter the silent chamber. The pen that will never more be grasped by that careful and laborious hand lies dry beside the paper on which it was last employed. Everything is neat and orderly. Upon the writing-table are piled a heap of business documents, chiefly relating to accounts, and to the expenses incurred on the outward and homeward journey so lately undertaken. In them the executors and his Majesty's treasury have a joint interest. They must be examined more at leisure hereafter. For the moment it is enough to know that no unauthorised person can interfere with them. An inventory must now be made of other property about the room. Some of it is the monarch's, some belongs to the painter. Shall the list contain the articles, the usufruct of which will pass to the next tenant of the rooms, or those which were Velazquez's own? It does not matter. If a list of the royal property be drawn up, all not so inventoried can then be dealt with as del Mazo shall please. How gladly would posterity have hailed a different choice! Still there is a genuine interest in looking upon the still life that, if only in tables and chairs, formed the daily surroundings of the artist of days so long since fled. As we glance down the columns of the Catalogue our attention is involuntarily arrested by items such as these :—

A Statue of Philip II.
A Portrait of Louis XIV.

A Portrait of the Señora Infanta Reyna de Ungria.
A Model in Bronze of the Señor Don Juan de Austria.

In the little chamber by the Tower—

A Model of a Church in Wood.
Portrait by El Greco—Head of a Cleric.
A Do. —Head of a Woman.
A St. Veronica on a Handkerchief.

In the chamber used as a library by the former king—

A number of "Tablas."

After which follows perhaps the most natural touch of all—

A bunch of keys, and no one knows to what they belong.

It was not till five or six years later that del Mazo was able to close the accounts relating to the estate of the deceased. Before that time had arrived, the Royal patron, from whose grateful hand both father-in-law and son-in-law had received such numerous and such constant favours, had been gathered to his fathers, and laid in the gloom of his stately Pantheon; and it was at the hands of the State Secretary to his sole surviving son, Carlos II., that the executor at last received the final quittance from the Crown of Spain.

APPENDIX.

Note A.

Pacheco.

This name—in the same way that the names of *Sancho* and *Sanchez*, with their Italian collateral forms *Sancus* and *Santia*, are referred to the Eastern root of Sanchoniatho—is by origin Phœnician. We learn from Herodotus that the Cabiri deities of the Phœnicians were termed παταικοι, an evident corruption of the Hebrew *Pithuach*, *Pithucim*, "Sculptors, Sculpture." The carved figure-heads of the Tyrian ships were called *pataicoi*.

One of the first settlements made by the Phœnicians in Andalucia (Tarshish ?) was near Gibraltar, at Carteia, a town so called by them from the Patron of Tyre, Hercules Melech Carth, "The King of the City." Plutarch informs us that Crassus when forced to fly from Italy was concealed at Ximena, near Carteia, for eight months in certain caves which belonged to a generous native named *Paciecus*, who had been placed by Cæsar in command as a man of local knowledge and influence ('Bell. Hisp. i. 3).

These identical caves were found by Conduit when he investigated the site and neighbourhood of Carteia to be *still in the possession of the Pacheco family*. The title (Vulgo Angl. equivalent to "You Image, you !") was doubtless either assumed by, or given to, some Phœnician captain from the sign of his ship when he settled in the new colony. (See 'Quarterly Review,' cxxiii. p. 100.) We read also in Don Juan de Jauregui's paper in Carducho's work, p. 440, as follows :—"El nombre Pinturas se halla en los

adornos del Tabernaculo (Exod. xxxix. 6) danda la palabra PITUHIM dice Genebrardo sobre el Psalm lxxiii. 'que etiam *Picturas* designat.' La voz Januas que en Hebreo suena PITUHIAH interpretan Beda y Genebrardo asi —'Januas vel Picturas ejus simul in securi et malleis conquassant.'"

NOTE B.

PORTRAIT OF PRINCE CHARLES I. OF ENGLAND BY VELAZQUEZ.

MR. JOHN SNARE of Reading exhibited a work, in 1847, which he maintained was the original referred to by Pacheco, as having been executed by Velazquez during the stay of Prince Charles at Madrid. Mr. Snare advanced the grounds he had for this belief in a pamphlet, which he published at Reading in that year, under the following title: 'History and Pedigree of the Portrait of Prince Charles, afterwards Charles I., painted by Velasquez in 1623.' In spite of the arguments of Mr. Snare, Sir Edmund Head denied the authenticity of the picture, maintaining, that it was neither a work of Velazquez, nor an unfinished work, nor a representation of Charles at any such early age. The opposition to the claims of his picture induced Mr. Snare to reproduce his arguments with additions in a fresh pamphlet which was published a year later, under the title of 'Proofs of Authenticity of the Portrait of Prince Charles, painted at Madrid in 1623 by Velasquez. Reading, 8vo., 1848.' Mr. Snare had believed it to be the identical work catalogued as in the Earl of Fife's collection, prior to 1798, and in that catalogue stated to have "belonged to the Duke of Buckingham." He was also prepared to prove, that for 40 years previous to that date the Earl had been adding portraits to his collection. But not only was the authority of Sir Edmund Head utterly opposed to Mr. Snare's views, but such names as those of Stirling-Maxwell and Ford were also arrayed against him. The former of these authors, Stirling-Maxwell that is, after recapitulating Sir Edmund Head's arguments, annihilated any lingering hopes by the very pertinent remark, that even if the picture were the actual one mentioned in the printed catalogue, that went no farther than proving that Lord Fife had held a certain opinion about it. Mr. Snare refers to a print in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, as justifying his views, but a reference to those there preserved seems equally fatal to any such claims. There may be seen in that collection a print by Mytens, engraved by Delft, representing Prince Charles about the time of his accession, but it is a print that presents no features in common with another one there preserved, clearly of later date, and in which some resemblance may be traced to the portrait possessed by Mr. Snare.

Note C.

The title-page of the pamphlet discovered by Don A. de Castro is as follows :—

Memoria de las Pinturas que la Majestad Catholica del Rey nuestro Senor Don Phelipe IV. embia al Monasterio de san Laurencio el Real del Escorial, este año de MDCLVI descriptas y colocadas por Diego de Sylva Velasquez, Cavallero del orden de Santiago, Ayuda de Camara de su Magestad, Aposentador Mayor de su Imperial Palacio, Ayuda de la Guarda ropa, Ugier de Camara, Superintendente Extraordinario de las Obras Reales, y Pintor de Camara, Apeles deste Siglo, la ofrece dedica y consagra a la posteridad D. Ivan de Alfaro. Impresa en Roma en la Oficina de Ludovico Grimani año de MDCLVIII.

Note D.

ALFARO'S EPITAPH ON VELAZQUEZ, AS GIVEN BY PALOMINO.

Posteritati Sacratum—D. Didacus Velazquius de Silva Hispalensis pictor eximius natus anno MDLXXXXIV Picturæ nobilissimæ arti sese dicavit (præceptore accuratissimo Francisco Pocieco qui de pictura pereleganter scripsit) Jacet hic : proh dolor ! D. D. Philippi IV Hispaniarum Regis Augustissimi a cubiculo Pictor primus, a camara excelsa adjutor vigilantissimus, in Regio Palatio et extra ad hospitium cubicularius maximus, a quo studiorum ergo missus, ut Romæ et aliarum Italiæ urbium Picturæ tabulas admirandas, vel quid aliud hujus suppelectilis, veluti statuas marmoreas, æreas conquireret, perscrutaret, ac secum adduceret, nummis largiter sibi traditis : sicque cum ipse pro tunc etiam Innocentii X Pont. Max. faciem coloribus mire expresserit, aurea catena pretii supra ordinarii eum remuneratus est, numismate, gemmis, cælato cum ipsius Pontificis effigie insculpta, ex ipsa ex annulo, appenso : tandem D. Jacobi stemmate fuit condecoratus et post redditum ex fonte rapido Galliæ confini Urbe Matritum versus cum rege suo Potentissimo e nuptiis serenissimæ D. Mariæ Theresiæ Bibianæ de Austria et Borbon, e connubio scilicet cum Rege Galliarum Christianissimo D. D. Ludovico XIV labore itineris febri prehensus, obiit Mantuæ Carpetanæ, postridie nonas Augusti, ætatis LXVI anno MDCLX sepultusque est honorifice in D. Joannis Parrochiali Ecclesia, nocte septimo Idus mensis, sumptu maximo immodicisque expensis, sed non immodicis tanto viro. Haeroum concomitatu, in hoc Domini Gasparis Fuensalida Grafierii Regii amicissimi subterraneo sarcophago : suoque magistro præclaroque viro sæculis omnibus venerando, Pictura collacrimante, hoc breve epicedium Joannes de Alfaro Cordubensis mæstus posuit et Henricus frater Medicus.

THE WORKS OF VELAZQUEZ.

AUSTRIA.

VIENNA. *Belvedere.*

A Laughing Idiot. (*He holds a flower in his hand.*)

The Family of Velazquez. (*Contains twelve portraits, two-thirds of life size.*) *Engraved very small by J. Kovatsch.*

Portrait of Philip IV. (*Three-quarter length: in plain black, a paper in his right hand, his left on the pommel of his sword.*)

Portrait of the Infante Don Baltazar Carlos. (*Standing with his right hand on the back of an arm-chair.*)

Portrait of an Infanta of Spain. (*Quite young, in pink, near a table with a glass of flowers.*)

Portrait of the Infante Don Philip Prospero, a son of Philip IV., who died in Infancy. (*Catalogued as a Princess.*) *Standing near an arm-chair on which is a spaniel.*

Portrait of the Infanta Maria Margarita, daughter of Philip IV. (*Catalogued as the Infanta Maria Theresia.*)

Portrait of Philip IV. (*bust*).

BELGIUM.

BRUSSELS. *Mus.* Portrait of two young Girls: *in white dresses with red ribbons, holding each other's hands on a stone stair-case. Life-size.*

ENGLAND.

ALNWICK. *D. of Northumberland.* } Portrait of Pedro Alcantara.

ALTHORP. *Earl Spencer.* } Head of a Girl.

BOWOOD. *M. of Lansdowne.* Portrait of Olivarez, *a bust.* (*From the collection of Don Manuel Godoy: Prince of Peace.*)

Portrait of Pope Innocent X. (?) (*A Replica* (?) *of the Palazzo Doria Portrait.*)

A Child in Bed.

[*Perhaps Don Prospero* (*eldest son of Queen Mariana*), *who died* 1661, *aged* 4.]

Portrait of Velazquez (*bust*).

Landscape with Two Mounted Cavaliers and other Figures seated; the Sea in the Background. (*Brought into England from Madrid by Mr. Bourke, the Danish Minister.*)

Landscape with Cavaliers, Ladies, and Dwarfs, a Sierra in the Background. (*Both brought into England from Madrid by Mr. Bourke, the Danish Minister.*)

DULWICH. *Gal.* Portrait of Philip IV. (*In scarlet and silver: three-quarters length: holds a staff of ivory and gold in his right hand. A chef-d'œuvre.*)

HAMPTON COURT. Philip IV. (*Waagen suggests that this and the Companion work are by Rubens.*)

Queen of Philip IV. (*Sister of Henrietta Maria.*)

HEYTESBURY. *Lord Heytesbury.* Les Borrachos, *a sketch for the Madrid picture.* (*Contains only six figures—the Madrid subject has nine.*)

KINGSTON LACY. Las Meninas. (*A sketch for the Madrid Picture.*)

Banks Coll. Portrait of Cardinal Gaspar de Borja, Archbishop of Seville and Toledo.

Portrait of Philip IV. standing. *Painted for the First Marquis of Leganes.* (*From the Altamira Collection.*)

LEIGH COURT. *Miles Coll.*
The Virgin in Ecstacy. (*Doubted by Waagen.*) *Etched by John Young*, 1823.
Philip IV. on Horseback. (*Etched by John Young.*)

LONDON. *National Gal.*
Philip IV. hunting the Wild Boar. (*From the Palace of Ferdinand VII. Bought for* £2200. *A sketch belongs to Sir R. Wallace: the Companion picture to Lord Ashburton.*)
The Adoration of the Shepherds. (*Figures life-size: in his early style.*) *Formerly in the Collection of the Count of Aguila. Bought from King Louis Philippe's Collection in* 1853 *for* £2050. (*Engraved by E. Lingée, and in* 'Illustrated London News' *of 23rd December*, 1854.)
Orlando Dead. (*Attributed to Velazquez. Formerly in a Palace of the King of Spain.* No. 205 *of the Pourtalès Collection: bought for* £1500. *Etched by Flameng in the* 'Gazette des Beaux Arts,' 1864.) (*An old copy was at Brussels at M. Cremer's.*)
Portrait of Philip IV. (*In a black dress relieved with gold ornaments. Formerly in the Demidoff Collection.*)

Apsley House.
The Aguador of Seville. (*The gift of King Ferdinand VII. of Spain. Engraved by Amettler and by Lingée.*
Portrait of Pope Innocent X. (*A chef-d'œuvre.*) *A Replica* (?) *of the picture in the Palazzo Doria.*
Portrait of Velazquez (?).
Two Small Boys.
View of a Fair, with Gypsies.
View of a Fortified Town, with Figures.
Portrait of the Poet Francisco de Quevedo. (*From the collection De Bruna of Seville. Engraved by Carmona, and by Brandi.*)
Portrait of a Cardinal.

Bath House.
A Large Landscape. (*From the Alcazar Collection. Distinguished by a Tabladillo. Madrazo.*) (*The companion to the National Gallery Boar Hunt.*) *Philip IV., Olivarez, and others are killing deer, eight ladies and three duennas looking on. In the foreground are horses, coaches, whips, keepers, loungers, and in the background are cypress trees.*
Portrait (*bust*) of Philip IV.

Landscapes with Figures (*two*).

Bridgwater Ho. Portrait of a Natural Son of Duke d'Olivarez. (*From the Altamira Collection.*)

Portrait of Philip IV. (*Small full-length.*)

Portrait of Velazquez. (*Like the Florence Portrait, Waagen. Etched by J. Young.*)

Grosvenor House. Don Baltazar Carlos, the Prince of Asturias, on horseback, and with his staff. (*From the Agar Collection.*) *Etched by J. Young.*

Philip IV. in his Youth on an Andalusian Horse.

Hertford House. A Lady with a Fan. (*Bought in* 1843 *from the Aguado Collection for* 500 *guineas.*) *Engraved by Pistrucci in Lucien Bonaparte's Collection*, 1812, *and by Leroux in the Aguado Gallery*, 1839.

The Infante Don Baltazar Carlos on horseback. (*From the Rogers Collection.*)

The Infante Don Baltazar Carlos, at three years old, with a bâton. (*He appears in a grey dress and violet scarf with a sword attached.* (*From the Standish Collection.*)

Portrait of Don Baltazar Carlos.

Portrait of an Infanta of Spain. *Full-length, life-size. A standing figure, in a black dress with white sleeves.* (*From the Higginson Collection.*)

Landscape with a Boar Hunt. (*A sketch for the National Gallery Picture. Bought at Lord Northwick's sale for* 300 *guineas.*)

Portrait of Philip IV.

Portrait of the Duke of Olivarez.

Holford House. Field-Marshal in Armour. *Full-length.* (*From the Baring Collection.*)

Stafford House. The Duke of Gandia (?) at a Convent Door. (*Formerly in the Soult Collection.*)

St. Charles Borromeo at a Chapter. *A knight kneeling before a priest, with three knights and two pages.* (*Doubted by Waagen.*)

A Rocky Landscape, with a man on a white horse and a woman with two beggars lying down.

St. Francis Borgia arriving at the Jesuits' College.

Longford Castle. Portrait of Don Adrian Pulido Pareja, *life-size.* (*The dress of black velvet with sleeves of a flowered white*

Lord Radnor. *satin, and a white lace collar. Signed* "Dⁱᵒ Velasqᶻ Philip IV a cubiculo ëiusq. pictor 1639.") (*A Replica of the Woburn Abbey Portrait.*)

Portrait of Velazquez. (?)

Portrait of Juan de Pareja (*bust*). *Life-size.* (*Doubted by Waagen.*)

Woburn Abbey. *D. of Bedford.* { Portrait of Don Adrian Pulido Pareja. 1660 (?). Portrait of a Man.

FRANCE.

Paris. *Louvre.* Portrait of the Infanta Maria Margarita, daughter of Philip IV. (*Engraved* 'Gal. Hist. de Versailles,' *No.* 2371. *Etched by Milius in the* 'Gazette des Beaux Arts,' *vol.* xix.)

Portrait of Don Pedro Moscoso de Altamira, 1633. (*From the Guardia Real Collection. Bought in* 1849 *for* £180.)

A Group of Portraits, including Velazquez and Murillo, *known as the "Réunion d'Artistes."* (*From the Forbin Janson Collection. Bought in* 1851 *for* £260.

Portrait of Philip IV., in Hunting Costume, with a Dog. (*Purchased from M. Mündler for* £920.) (*Perhaps by del Mazo Martinez.*) *Etched by Haussoullier in the* 'Gazette des Beaux Arts.'

(*The following are in the La Caze Collection.*)

Portrait of the Infanta Maria Teresa, daughter of Philip IV.

Portrait of Philip IV. (*A head.*)

Portrait of a Girl. (*In a dress of black and white.*)

GERMANY.

Berlin. *Museum.* Portrait of Allesandro del Borro.

Portrait of Mariana, sister of Philip IV. (*from the Suermondt Collection, where it was known as Isabella of Bourbon.*)

Dresden. *Mus.* A Portrait of the Count Duke of Olivarez. *In black, with the green cross of the order of Alcantara.* (*A copy bought at Modena in* 1745.) (?)

DRESDEN. *Mus.* Portrait of a Man in Black with a Gold Badge (*bust*). (*Bought at Modena as a Rubens from the Gallery of Duke François D'Este, in* 1745 : *perhaps a Van Dyck.*) (?)

Portrait of a Man in Black. *Half-length.* (*Bought at Modena as a Rubens, re-christened a Titian, but now given to Velazquez.*)

Personages of the Court of Philip IV., in mythological costumes, with Mariana of Austria as Diana. (*Acquired in* 1881.)

FRANKFORT. Portrait of Cardinal Borgia. (*Etched by J. Eissenhardt.*)

Städel. Portrait of the Infanta Margarita Teresa.

MUNICH. Portrait of (?) Velazquez.

Pinacothek. Bust of a Young Spaniard in a black dress.

Portrait of the Infanta Maria Teresa. (*Replica of the Madrid Gallery picture.*)

HOLLAND.

AMSTERDAM. *Mus.* Portrait of the Infante Don Balthazar Carlos. (*A copy* (?) *bought in* 1828 *for* 31 *florins.*)

HAGUE. *Mus.* Portrait of the Infante Don Balthazar Carlos. (*Engraved by Lange, and lithographed by Arnaud Gerkens in the* 'Kunstkronijk,' 1847.)

A Spanish Landscape.

ITALY.

FLORENCE. *Pitti* Portrait of an old Man. *Half-length.*

Palace. Portrait of an old Man. *Full-length.*

Portrait of Philip IV. of Spain.

Portrait of Velazquez. *Engraved by Lasinio, Figlio, also by Francesco Cecchini, and in O'Neil's* 'Dictionary of Spanish Painters.'

Uffizi. A Portrait of Velazquez (*with a skull-cap. Engraved by Denon,* 1790) (?).

Portrait of Philip IV. (*Equestrian, life-size; perhaps the model for Tacca's Statue. Engraved by Mogalli and by Errani. Dr. von Zahn thinks that this is "more probably the work of some scholar of Rubens."*)

A Bacchanalian Scene.

GENOA. *Palazza Cataneo.* } A Madonna and Child.

MILAN. *Gal.* A Monk. *Life-size.*

ROME. *Palazzo Doria.* Portrait of Pope Innocent X. (*Painted on the second in Italy*, 1649-1651. *A chef-d'œuvre.*

TURIN. *Museum.* Portrait of Philip IV. (*bust*).

RUSSIA.

ST. PETERSBURG. *Hermitage.* Portrait of Philip IV. (*From the King of Holland's sale*, 1845.)

Portrait of the Count Duke of Olivarez. (*From the King of Holland's sale. This and the Portrait of Philip IV. cost* 38,850 *florins.*) *A Replica in London belongs to Col. Hugh Baillie.*

A Head of Pope Innocent X. (*Perhaps the original study for the Doria Portrait.*) *Engraved by J. Fittler*, 1820, *and in aquatint by V. Green.*

Portrait of Philip IV. (*bust*). (*From the Coesveldt Gallery.*)

Portrait of Count Duke Olivarez (*bust*). (*From the Coesveldt Gallery.*)

A Peasant Laughing (*in profile*) (?). (*From the Coesveldt Gallery.*

Leuchtenburg Col. Portrait of a Man in black. (*Engraved by M. Muxel.*)

SPAIN.

MADRID. *Museum.* Christ on the Cross (*very large and powerful*). (*Painted in* 1638 *for the Convent of San Plácido.*) *Engraved by Carmona, and also by Ballester.*

The Coronation of the Virgin (*smacks of El Greco*). *Engraved by Massart, and in Reveil and Duchesne's* 'Musée de Peinture,' vol. XIV.

The God Mars (*seated wearing a helmet, and with armour at his feet*). *Engraved by Le Villain.*

Portrait of a Young Girl (*with chestnut hair, and with red ribands and flowers in her hands*).

Portrait (*bust*) of Philip IV. (*youthful: in steel armour and crimson scarf*).

MADRID. *Mus.* Portrait of a Young Girl (*has flowers in her lap*). No. 1087.

Portrait of a Sculptor (*Alonso Cano*) (?).

St. Anthony Abbot, and St. Paul Hermit. (*A raven brings bread: two lions dig a grave: a wide landscape.*) *Engraved in Le Brun's* 'Recueil de Gravures,' 1809.

The Entrance of the Gardens of the Villa Medici. (*Painted by Velazquez when residing there.*)

The Entrance of the Gardens of the Villa Medici. *Companion picture* (*both admirable*).

Portrait (*unknown*) of an Actor (*dark but telling*). (?) No. 1092. *Etched by Henry Guérard in the* 'Gazette des Beaux Arts,' *vol.* xxii.

Portrait of the Infante Don Carlos (born 1607, died 1632). *Life-size, in black, with a gold chain; in his left hand a hat, in his right a glove. A chef-d'œuvre.*

Portrait of Queen Mariana of Austria. (*Life-size, in black, standing with her right hand on a chair; in her left a handkerchief; at the back a table with a watch on it. Very fine and delicately handled.*)

Portrait of Queen Mariana of Austria. (*A Replica of the last.*)

A Portrait of the Infante Don Balthazar Carlos. (*Life-size, in black: holds his hat in his gloved right hand; his left rests on a chair near a crimson curtain. Worthy of Van Dyck.*)

Portrait (*unknown*) of a Master of the Ordnance. (*In black, with pink trimmings, feathers, &c.; wears an iron key. A ship on fire founders at the back. Very masterly.*) *Engraved by Fosseyeux in* 1729; *also by E. Lingée; there is also a very rare etching by Goya. Etched by Rajon in the* 'Gazette des Beaux Arts,' *vol.* xxi.

View of the Arch of Titus from the Campo Vaccino.

Study of an Old Man's Head (*recalls Reynolds*).

Portrait called the Corsair Barbarossa. (*In a Turkish costume: broadly painted.*) *Engraved by L. Croutelle*, 1799. *Etched by Goya.*

MADRID. *Mus.* Study of a Landscape with a Roman Temple.

Study of a Landscape, with Ruins. (*The companion picturi: powerful in light and shade.*)

Portrait of Donna Maria, Daughter of Philip III., and Queen of Hungary. (*An admirable portrait.*) *Etched by E. Saint Raymond in the* 'Gazette des Beaux Arts,' *vol.* xx.

Los Borrachos. (*The Topers.*) *A chef-d'œuvre.* (*A sketch for this famous composition is at Heytesbury.*) *Engraved by Carmona. Etched by Goya, and after Goya by Adlard, in* 'Annals of the Artists of Spain.' *Etched by Al. Masson in the* 'Gazette des Beaux Arts,' *vol.* xx.

A Portrait (*unknown*).

A Portrait (*unknown: moustache à la Ferdinand*).

Portrait of Philip IV. (*in mature years*). [*Probably by Pareja and not by Velazquez.*]

View of a Garden (*with a Palace on the right*).

View of the Fountain of the Tritons in the Island Garden of the Royal Palace at Aranjuez. (*Excellent.*)

Las Meninas. (*The Maids of Honour.*) *The chef-d'œuvre of Velazquez.* (*A Replica or original sketch is at Kingston Lacy.*) *Engraved by Audouin*, 1799: *and in the* 'Musée' *of Reveil and Duchesne; there is also a very rare etching by Goya.*

Portrait of Philip IV. (*A bust, in black: the King is represented at an advanced age.*)

The Adoration of the Magi. *Lithographed in Palmaroli's Collection.*

Portrait (*Equestrian*) of Don Gaspar de Guzman, Count Duke of Olivarez, Prime Minister of Philip IV. (*Painted about* 1631.) *A chef-d'œuvre.* (*A small Replica is in the possession of Lord Elgin.*) *Etched by Goya*, 1778. *Lithographed in the* 'Coleccion de cuadros.'

The Forge of Vulcan. (*Painted in Italy*, 1629-31.) *Engraved in Reveil and Duchesne's* 'Musée de Peinture.'

Portrait of Donna Margarita Maria of Austria, Daughte of Philip IV.

Portrait of Philip IV. (*when young*). *In shooting*

MADRID. *Mus.*

costume, with a dog: in his right hand a fowling-piece. A Replica in the Louvre. Lithographed by J. A. Lopez, 'Coleccion de cuadros,' *No. LV.*

Portrait of an Old Lady. (*Carries a book. A three-quarter length.*)

Portrait of a Man (*unknown*).

Portrait (*Equestrian*) of Philip III. *An ideal. Etched by Goya.*

Portrait (*Equestrian*) of Donna Margarita of Austria, Queen of Philip III. *Companion picture. Etched by Goya,* 1778.

Portrait of an Old Man (*called Menippus*). *Engraved by Esquivel. Etched by Goya,* 1778.

Portrait of a Dwarf. *A full-length.* (*Seated turning over a book.*) *Etched by Goya,* 1778. *Engraved by F. Muntaner,* 1792.

Portrait of a poor Old Man (*called Æsop*). *Engraved by Esquivel. Etched by Goya: and by La Guillermie.*

Portrait of a Dwarf with Beard, seated on the ground. *In red and green. Engraved by F. Ribera,* 1798. *Etched by Goya,* 1778.

Portrait of Philip IV. (*when young*). (*In black. A paper in the left hand; the left hand on a table.*)

Portrait of the Infante Don Balthazar Carlos. (*School of Velazquez.*) (?)

Portrait of Don Ferdinand of Austria. (*Life-size. In shooting costume—gun in hand; a dog on the right.*) *Etched by Goya,* 1778.

Portrait of a Dwarf. *His right hand holds a hat with white feathers; his left grasps the collar of a large dog.*

Portrait of the Boy of Vallecas. (*Etched by Goya,* 1778. *Engraved by Vazquez,* 1792. *See engraving in Stirling's* 'Annals.')

Portrait of an Unknown Personage. (*In rich armour—a helmet and bâton on the table. Engraved in Le Brun's* 'Recueil.')

Portrait of Bobo de Coria. *Engraved by Croutelle, Madrid,* 1797.

Mercury and Argus. *Figures life-size. Etched by José Vallejo.*

MADRID. *Mus.* Portrait (*Equestrian*) of Philip IV. (*In splendid armour, with a red scarf and a bâton. Royal, both horse and rider—handling very masterly.*) *Engraved by I. de Courbes at Madrid.*

Portrait of Donna Isabella de Bourbon, Queen of Philip IV. (*Companion picture, and equally fine. Etched by Goya*, 1778. *Etched by Flameng in the* 'Gazette des Beaux Arts.'

Portrait of the Prince Don Balthazar Carlos. (*In a court dress laced with gold, a carbine in his right hand.*)

The Surrender of Breda ("*Las Lanzas*"). (*Painted between* 1645 *and* 1648. [*An admirable sketch for this chef-d'œuvre belonged to M. Haro of Paris.*] *Engraved in Reveil and Duchesne's* 'Musée.')

Portrait of a Lady. *Probably Donna Juana Pacheco, wife of Velazquez. An admirable piece.*

Portrait (*Equestrian*) of the little Prince Don Balthazar Carlos. *In olive and gold with a pink scarf, on a bright bay. Replicas or copies of this chef-d'œuvre are owned by the Duke of Westminster, by Sir R. Wallace, and by the Dulwich Gallery. Mezzotinted by Earlom*, 1774, *and etched by Goya*, 1778. *Lithographed in the* 'Coleccion de cuadros.'

Las Hilanderas (*The Tapestry Weavers*). *Chef-d'œuvre. Rivals Rembrandt's 'Night Watch.' Engraved by F. Muntaner*, 1796. *Etched by Gaujean in the* 'Gazette des Beaux Arts,' *vol.* xxi.

Portrait of King Philip IV. at prayer.

Portrait of Mariana of Austria (*second Queen of Philip IV.*) at prayer. (*Companion picture.*)

Portrait of the Poet Luis de Gongora. *Engraved by Carmona*, 1770, *and by Blas Amettler, circa* 1790.

View of the Queen's Walk in the Park at Aranjuez. *A masterly production. Lithographed by P. de Leopol.*

Portrait of Donna Margarita Maria of Austria. *Probably by Mazo del Martinez.*

View of the Lake at Buen Retiro.

Portrait (*bust*) of Queen Isabella de Bourbon.

A Pretendiente (*Suitor at Court*) in a black dress presenting a Memorial.

MADRID. *Mus.*	Portrait of Philip IV. *A full-length. In black armour and gold, a lion at his feet.*
	Portrait of Philip IV. (*aged about fifty*). *In black.*
	Boar Hunt at the Pardo. (*A copy by Goya of the National Gallery picture.*) (?)
MADRID. *Museo del Tomento.*	Portrait of the Infanta Doña Margarita.
	A Magdalen.
Royal Palace.	The Aguador of Seville. (*Replica of the Duke of Wellington's picture.*)
Escorial.	Joseph's Brethren showing his Blood-stained Coat. *Painted at Rome in* 1630.
Gallery of M. Salamanca.	Portrait of a Woman. (*Three-quarter length.*) *In black; a master-piece.*
	Portrait of Philip IV. (*Three-quarter length.*) *In pink; in his right hand papers, in his left a hat; very fine.*
	Portrait of the Queen of Philip IV. (*The companion picture.*)
	Portrait of a Prelate seated.
	Portrait of Don Balthazar Carlos. (*A replica of the Museum picture.*) (?)
	Portrait (*bust*) of a Cardinal.
	A Saint with a Palm-branch.
	Portrait of Philip IV.'s Brother.
	A Dwarf seated Reading. (*Replica of the Museum picture.*)
	View of a Public Square with an Equestrian Statue in the centre.
	Portrait of a Man with a Fox (?).
	A Landscape with Figures (?).
Duke of Medina Celi.	Portrait of a Woman.
Palace of Liria. (*Duke of Alba.*)	Portrait of Doña Antonia, daughter of Don Luis de Haro. *Etched by Lalauze in the* 'Gazette des Beaux Arts.'
SEVILLE.	Two Portraits.
La Merced.	Landscape with Figures.
	A Nativity.
	A Portrait of a Man.
	Large Picture of Still Life. (*Copper pans, melons, &c.*)
	An Artichoke cut for Table.

GRANADA. *Archbishop's Palace.* David.
Two Fruit Pieces.

VALLADOLID. *Museum.* Two Figures near a Pile of Vegetables.

VALENCIA. A Portrait. (*An Engraving by Fortuny in Davillier's Work*, 1874.)

SWEDEN.

GRIPSHOLM. *The Palace.* Portrait of Philip IV., in Youth. (*Small: Equestrian.*) (*The gift of Pimental, the Spanish Ambassador, to Queen Christina.*

PICTURES IN PRIVATE COLLECTIONS IN ENGLAND ATTRIBUTED TO VELAZQUEZ.

EXHIBITED AT THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

Date of Exhibition.	Subject.	Owner.
1816	Figures in a Landscape.	His Excellency E. Bourke.
	Figures on Horseback in a Landscape.	,,
	Portrait of a Cardinal.	Henry Banks, Esq.
1818	Conspirators, in a Landscape.	Countess de Grey.
	Portrait of Adrian Pulido Pareja.	Duke of Bedford.
1819	The Prince of Asturias on Horseback, attended by the Duke of Olivarez.	Earl Grosvenor.
	The Drummer.	Hon. H. Clive, M.P.
	A Boar Hunt.	Sir. H. Wellesley, K.B.
1821	Don Balthazar Carlos.	—— Cox, Esq.
	Portrait of an Ecclesiastic.	H. Banks (Junior), Esq.
1822	A Picnic in the Country, with Portraits of Quevedo, Solis, and others.	Sir H. Wellesley.
	A Spanish Sportsman.	,,
	Philip IV. of Spain on horseback.	J. P. Miles, Esq.
1823	Original Sketch for the Great Picture painted in 1656 of the Infanta Margarita Maria, afterwards Empress, with Her Suite.	Wm. J. Banks, Esq., M.P.

Date of Exhibition.	Subject.	Owner.
	The Infante Don Balthazar on Horseback.	Dulwich College.
	Philip IV. of Spain.	Lionel Harvey, Esq.
1824	Philip IV. of Spain.	His Majesty King Geo. IV.
	Donna Maria, Queen of Philip IV. of Spain.	,,
	Philip IV. on Horseback.	Henry Rogers, Esq.
	Philip IV. of Spain.	Col. Hugh Baillie.
	The Duc d'Olivarez.	,,
	The Brother of Philip IV.	,,
1828	Portrait of Pope Innocent X.	Duke of Wellington, K.G.
	Portrait of a Spanish Gentleman.	,,
	The Water-Seller.	,,
	Portrait of Don Balthazar.	Wm. Wells, Esq.
	Portrait of Philip IV.	Dulwich College.
	A Lap-Dog.	Count St. Martin d'Aglié.
1829	Study of Heads.	Lord Holland.
1831	The Infante Don Balthazar on Horseback, attended by the Conde Duke d'Olivarez.	Earl Grosvenor.
1832	Spanish Peasants.	Mrs. West.
	A Concert with Family Portraits.	P. Langford Brooke, Esq.
1835	Landscapes with Figures (*two*).	Marquis of Lansdowne.
	Entrance of Philip IV. into Pampluna.	J. M. Brackenbury, Esq.
1836	A Sportsman with Dogs.	Lord Cowley.
	A Man's Portrait.	,,
	Portrait of Cardinal (*small, whole length*).	,,
1837	A Marriage.	Sir Abraham Hume, Bart.
	Reception of a Spanish Prince at a Monastery.	Duke of Sutherland.
	St. Peter Denying Christ.	Viscount Powerscourt.
	An Infant.	Marquis of Lansdowne.
	Don Luis de Haro (*Equestrian Portrait*).	Lord Northwick.
	A Repast.	Lord Cowley.
1838	The Infant Son of Philip IV. at the Manége.	Samuel Rogers, Esq.

Date of Exhibition.	Subject.	Owner.
1838	The Boar Hunt.	Lord Cowley.
	The Brother of Philip IV.	Sir R. Price, Bart., M.P.
	A Conference.	Duke of Sutherland.
	Portrait of a Natural Son of the Duke of Olivarez (*from the Altamira Collection*).	Ld. Francis Egerton, M. P.
	A Sketch.	Lord Cowley.
1839	A Spanish General in Armour.	Sir Thos. Baring, Bart.
	African Soldier.	R. Hart Davis, Esq.
1840	Stag Hunt near a Country House of the King of Spain.	Lord Ashburton.
	Philip IV. on Horseback.	Thos. Hamlet, Esq.
1843	Portrait of Velasquez.	Ld. Francis Egerton, M.P.
1846	Portrait of Adrian Pareja.	Duke of Bedford.
1850	Spanish Shepherd.	Earl of Yarborough.
	Spanish Peasant Girl.	,,
1851	A Spanish Officer.	R. S. Holford, Esq.
1852	A Spanish Lady.	Duke of Devonshire, K.G.
	A Legendary Subject.	J. Whatman, Esq.
	Christ at the Pillar.	S. Lumley, Esq.

EXHIBITED AT THE MANCHESTER ART TREASURES EXHIBITION, 1857.

Catalogue Number.	Subject.	Owner.
621	A Miracle by St. Anthony of Padua.	J. Whatman, Esq.
624	Figures in a Landscape. *From the Collection of the Hon. General Meade, Consul-General at Madrid.*	W. Stirling, Esq.
625	Figures in a Landscape. *Ditto.*	,,
626	The Infante Don Balthazar Carlos.	Col. Hugh Baillie.
628	Queen Mariana of Austria.	,,
737	Portrait of the Count Duke Olivarez.	,,
779	Philip IV. in Shooting Dress.	,,
785	The Cardinal Infant Don Ferdinand of Austria in Shooting Dress.	,,
627	Shepherds Crowned, Leading a Bull.	Lady Dunmore.

Catalogue Number.	Subject.	Owner.
727	Portrait of Adrian Pulido Pareja.	Duke of Bedford.
728	Philip IV. of Spain.	Henry Farrer, Esq.
780	A Nobleman.	Earl Stanhope.
782	Henry de Halmale attended by a Servant. *From the Purvis Collection.*	T. P. Smyth, Esq.
786	Portrait of a Young Lady. *From the King of Holland's Collection.*	John W. Brett, Esq.
789	Portrait (*Equestrian*) of Count Duke Olivarez. *From the Purvis Collection.*	Earl of Elgin.
795	St. John. *From the Standish Collection.*	R. P. Nichols, Esq.
804	The Alcalde Ronquilla (*full length*).	George A. Hoskins, Esq.
889	A Cardinal.	W. W. Burdon, Esq.
987	A Large Landscape.	Wynn Ellis, Esq.
10†	Full-length Portrait of the Infante Don Balthazar (*in long dress*).	Marquis of Hertford.
11†	Equestrian Portrait of the Infante Don Balthazar in the Tennis Court.	,,
12†	A Lady with a Fan.	,,
13†	A Male Portrait (of Don Balthazar) in black and silver. *From the collection of Mr. Wells of Redleaf, in* 1848.	,,

EXHIBITED AT THE LEEDS ART TREASURES EXHIBITION, 1868.

Catalogue Number.	Subject.	Owner.
315	A Young Spanish Nobleman (a Boy in Red).	Wynn Ellis, Esq.
316	Miracle of St. Anthony.	J. Whatman, Esq.
326	Portrait of the Count Duke Olivarez (*signed* 'Diego Velazquez').	Earl Stanhope.
370	Portrait of Philip IV. of Spain.	,,

† In Saloon H., devoted entirely to the Hertford Collection. These four and four others were exhibited by Sir Richard Wallace at Bethnal Green in 1874.

Catalogue Number.	Subject.	Owner.
333	Portrait of a Man.	Earl of Clarendon.
336	Sleeping Peasant Boy.	E. A. Leatham, Esq.
354	Portrait of a Cardinal.	,,
337	A Spanish Lady.	Sir W. Stirling-Maxwell, Bart.
338	Portrait of Don Juan of Austria.	J. Banks Stanhope, Esq.
339	A Cavalier.	Col. the Hon. Chas. C. S. Vereker.
341	Head of a Dog.	Edmund M. Blood, Esq.
420	Portrait of the Queen of Philip IV. of Spain.	H. M. the Queen.

EXHIBITED AT THE "EXHIBITION OF THE WORKS OF THE OLD MASTERS."

Date of Exhibition.	Subject.	Owner.
1870	Don Balthazar Carlos, Prince of Asturias.	Marq. of Westminster.
	Las Meniñas.	Mrs. Bankes.
	Equestrian Portrait of Philip IV.	Sir William Miles, Bart.
	Portrait of the Condé Duque de Olivarez.	F. C. Ford, Esq.
1871	A Spanish Fête: deer-hunting.	Lord Ashburton.
	A Portrait Head.	Earl of Dudley.
	Portrait of a Lady.	,,
1872	A Spanish Infanta.	Sir R. Wallace, Bart.
	Portrait of the Infante.	,,
1873	Signing the Marriage Contract between the Infanta Margarita Maria and the Emperor Leopold (*unfinished*).	Sir E. Landseer, R.A.
	A Woman making an Omelette.	Francis Cook, Esq.
	Portrait of Isabella, first wife of Philip IV. (1623).	F. C. Ford, Esq.
	Portrait of Mariana, second wife of Philip IV.	,,
	Portrait of Juan de Pareja.	Earl of Radnor.
	Portrait of Don Andrian Pulido Pareja.	,,

Date of Exhibition.	Subject.	Owner.
1875	Portrait of Philip IV. of Spain	H. M. the Queen.
	Portrait of the Infante Don Balthazar Carlos.	Duke of Abercorn, K.G.
	Portrait of Mariana, second wife of Philip IV.	H. B. Brabazon, Esq.
	The Virgin in Adoration.	Sir W. Miles, Bart.
1876	Portrait of a White Horse of the Duque de Olivarez.	Earl of Elgin.
	Portrait of a Lady.	D. of Devonshire, K.G.
	Head of a Spanish Gentleman.	J. S. Ogle, Esq.
1877	Portrait of the Duque de Olivarez.	M. of Landsdowne.
	Portrait of the Painter.	,,
1878	Portrait of a Spanish Alcade.	Sir John Neeld, Bart.
1879	Study of Still Life.	R. Cholmondeley, Esq.
1880	Sketch for a duel in the Pardo.	Sir William Gregory.
	Portrait of Don Francesco de Ribas.	J. C. Robinson, Esq.
1881	The Flute Player.	Miss Clara Montalba.

*** In the lists of Velazquez's works exhibited at the British Institution, Manchester, Leeds, and the "Old Masters" at Burlington House, the official catalogues have been strictly adhered to: it must not be supposed that every picture classed as the work of Velazquez is recognized as genuine by the critics; for example, the Royal Academy merely catalogues the works "under the names given to them by the contributors," and "can accept no responsibility as to their authenticity."

CHRONOLOGY OF VELAZQUEZ.

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